NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD, Editor. | Without Concealment----Without Compromise. | DAVID LEE CHILD, Assistant Editor.

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OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER.

The Standard.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—DEVELOPMENTS.

To the Editor of the Standard:

"Strike! but conceal the hand!" was the favorite maxim of one who formed the vain and impious resolution to exterminate Cristianity, and to "crush" its Divine Founder. The spirit which dictated this maxim, however, was not peculiar to its author; nor are there wanting those, even at the present day, who, if less daring than the Infidel philosopher, and less capable of doing injury to society, are nevertheless governed, in their warfare upon truth, by the same assassin-like policy. An example is now before me, which I am reluctantly constrained to notice.

It is known to most of the readers of the Standard, that during the last winter, I published a pamphlet, entitled, "Correspondence between Oliver Johnson and George F. White, a Minister of the Society of Friends; with an Appendix;" the object of which was to refute certain charges brought by G. F. White, in his public ministrations, against abolitionists and others. As this pamphlet has been extensively circulated, I need only say here, that it furnished the most ample evidence, from his own pen and lips, and from other sources, that, under a profession of Divine inspiration, he had made statements, which, on investigation, were proved to be untrue; and that, in other respects, his deportment, to say the least, had been very extraordinary.

Hitherto, there has been no open attempt, either on the part of G. F. White or his supporters, to impeach the truth or fairness of the statements contained in the pamphlet; although if his conduct had been capable of vindication, the excitement created by the publication, and the effects it has produced in the Society, would seem to have rendered the motives for a defence peculiarly strong. When nothing available *can* be said, it is surely the part of wisdom to be silent.

But while there has been no open and manly attempt to reply to the pamphlet, the *tongue* and the *pen* have been employed, *in private*, to diminish, as far as possible, the influence it is calculated to exert, by assailing the character and motives of the author. Although I had been frequently advised of the false reports which the supporters of G. F. White had put in circulation, they did not reach me in a shape sufficiently tangible to call for a defence, until I received from a friend a copy of a letter, purporting to have been written by ROBERT HICKS, of this city, to Samuel Griffith of Mount Pleasant, Ohio. This letter having been extensively circulated, *in private*, in various parts of the country,* where it was impossible for those who saw it to know what I might say in reply, has excited prejudices not only unfavorable to myself, but injurious to the Anti-Slavery cause. I have been assured by Friends, in whose judgment I have great confidence, that I ought, by all means, in justice to the cause of truth no less than to myself, to publish this letter, with a suitable reply to its numerous misstatements. I therefore send it to you with some reluctance, for insertion in the Standard.† My reply is subjoined in the form of notes.

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LETTER OF ROBERT HICKS TO SAMUEL GRIFFITH.

NEW-YORK, 3d. mo. 26, 1841.

ESTEEMED FRIEND, SAMUEL GRIFFITH,

In reading the correspondence between Oliver Johnson and George F. White, &c., I perceive thy name is brought into notice by Oliver Johnson, and in such a way as possibly to subject thee to censure in the minds of some, who judge of the case as it is presented by him, without being acquainted with the source from which it emanated. I address thee under a belief that thou wouldst be willing to learn something of the estimation in which he is held by Friends in this city.(1)

It may be proper to premise, that there are in our monthly meeting a few individuals, (numbering, perhaps, five or six male adults,) of whom Isaac T. Hopper, and James S. Gibbons, his son-in-law, are the most active, who have been laboring with great zeal to draw our society into modern abolitionism, but have failed. They consider George F. White to be one of their principal obstacles, and against him are directed their greatest efforts. They have, until recently, professed warm friendship for him, and high esteem for his ministry; while one of them has at the same time been defaming him by misrepresentations privately circulated.(2)

Oliver Johnson is ostensibly the sole author of the pamphlet; but it is not doubted by Friends here, that he is a tool of these parties, employed by them to do that which they, as members of society, dare not do themselves; and he appears to be a pliant instrument for their purposes.(3) A short time prior to the correspondence, he was first noticed as a stranger, apparently between 30 and 40 years of age, attending our meeting in Rose street; not known by us, with perhaps one or two exceptions—not even his name. When George F. White received his first letter, he had no knowledge of him, and first supposed him to be an honest inquirer; but he soon discovered that the object was to entrap him.(4) Of this correspondence, being now public, I have little to say. (With regard to its correctness, George F. White says he cannot say, as he has never read it,(5) though one of the pamphlets was sent him.) In reading the two last letters, I became suspicious that there was something wrong, and requested George to let me have the originals of Oliver Johnson's letters, together with the copies of his own in reply. On examining and comparing them with the pamphlet, I find many alterations, ommissions, and additions.(6) It would probably have been better, had George requested a personal interview, as he then could have judged of the motives of the inquirer, and acted accordingly. Where both parties are known, it will do George no harm; but it is not improbable that in some places it may lead to a prejudice in the minds of Friends against him. It is here considered, that he followed the advice of a wise man formerly, "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit."(7)

The last letters, as published in the correspondence, are a review of the previous ones, and were designedly not sent to George until sent in a pamphlet form. They, with the appendix, abound in misrepresentations and falsehood.(8)

On the non-resistance case, I need make no comments, as thou art better acquainted with it than I am. I will now pass to that of the Anti-Slavery case. In the communication alluded to by Oliver Johnson, [*i. e.* the sermon at Rose street,] George F. White did not charge the whole body of abolitionists with maintaining the opinion that the only hope of the slave was not in God, &c., but in the Anti-Slavery Society. He stated that an anti-slavery society had passed such a resolution;(9) and he pronounced such a sentiment flat blasphemy. And can it be denied that it is so? Can it be questioned that such a sentiment is an indignity to God? I think it cannot; but bear in mind, that although George calls this sentiment blasphemy, he calls no man a blasphemer. I have long sat under his ministry, and have travelled with him from home, and have never heard him do so. He says he never did it; neither did he ever call any man a sinner.(10) He holds that a man may write or speak blasphemy, and not be a blasphemer in the sight of his Maker; as, on the other hand, a man may swear that the Lord liveth, and therein swear falsely. Almost immediately on George's closing, Oliver Johnson arose and said—I believe that the Spirit of God(11) requires me to say, that what you have heard in relation to the Anti-Slavery Society, is untrue, &c. After Oliver Johnson took his seat, George again arose and stated, that he had vouchers to prove the truth of what he had asserted, and if any one would call at his house or store, he would show them, &c. Did this invitation include O. Johnson? I think not, certainly; it was to those who had heard him charged with falsehood, to come and judge for themselves, whether he or O. Johnson had told the untruth.(12) One important part of the interview at George's house is entirely omitted in O. Johnson's account of it. Believing that they would make such a report of it as to suit their design, before they left his house, George told J. S. Gibbons, that he was about to ask him one or two questions, which he desired him promptly to answer, to wit: whether he had seen any thing in his manner, or heard anything in his language, during the interview, which he thought was unbecoming a minister of our religious society?—if he had witnessed anything in his manner, or in his language, that evinced bad temper?(13) James was embarrassed, and George pressed him for an answer. He repeated the question again. The only reply was, "Thee will not receive my friend"—"I can understand thee"—"I know how to take thee." Although George repeatedly requested Oliver Johnson to withdraw from his premises,(14) he remained with James S. Gibbons in the house for nearly an hour.(15)

The proof of George's assertion in relation to the anti-slavery resolution is to be found in the report of the proceedings of a meeting of the Junior Anti-Slavery Society, held at Temperance Hall, 1st mo. (Jan.) 3rd, 1840, published in the Pennsylvania Freeman of 1st mo. 9th, 1840. As the paper may not be within thy reach, I will transcribe the full account, viz:

"James G. Birney delivered a powerful address, showing the sin of slavery under all circumstances. The following preamble and resolutions, offered by J. L. Hallowell, were advocated by Gerrit Smith, in an impressive speech.

Whereas, it is the belief of the members of this Society, that the plan proposed by the American Anti-Slavery Society, and its auxiliaries, is the only one by which American slavery can be abolished; therefore,

Resolved, That, in the language of our esteemed friend from New-York, we believe that the peaceful and bloodless termination of American slavery is not to be expected without a more entire consecration of property, and a more self-sacrificing spirit, than now characterizes American abolitionists.

Resolved, That as *we believe the only hope of the slave is in the anti-slavery society*, the abolitionists of the present day must contribute more liberally of their funds, if they expect to accomplish their most glorious object,—the liberation from their chains of three millions of their fellow countrymen.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted. Pledges were received to the amount of $100, and $45 86 additional collected.

THOMAS S. CAVENDER, *Secretary.*"

I know not whether or no Oliver Johnson's assertion is true, "that this society is composed principally of minors, and members, too, of the Society of Friends." The truth or falsehood of this assertion has no bearing on the truth of George's statement. But thou wilt notice, that there were present, and participated in the proceedings of the meeting, two of their most prominent men in the whole Union, James G. Birney and Gerrit Smith. The former delivered a powerful address, and the very resolution in question was advocated by Gerrit Smith, in an impressive speech, and passed unanimously. On examining the resolution, thou wilt find that George might have called attention to another part, to wit: "their most *glorious* object" of the anti-slavery society was to be accomplished by a more liberal contribution of funds; a clear distinction between their glory and the glory of the Creator. (16)

The attack made by O. Johnson, upon George F. White, was a premeditated one. (17) Isaac T. Hopper was cognizant of this fact;(18) and on the morning when it was made, several members of his family were at the meeting,(19) (not the one to which they belong, and which they usually attend,) (20) apparently with the view of witnessing the outrage. Isaac professes to disapprove of the disturbance of the meeting, and to be exceedingly grieved at the publication of the correspondence, and entirely denies having had anything to do with it; but O. Johnson says that Isaac furnished him with the cases he has cited (21) to prove that early Friends *unlawfully* disturbed the meetings of other denominations; and thou canst bear witness that he has endorsed Oliver Johnson's character,(22) (as a respectable, worthy man,) for the very purpose of assisting him in obtaining materials that are used in his publication. O. Johnson's home is at Isaac T. Hopper's house, and they occupy the same office. The information, that Isaac received a salary for his services, was given by himself—the amount stated, six hundred dollars.

In letter No. 12, Johnson seems to demur to the charge of hypocrisy and cant, on the ground that the proof brought by George is not sufficient to sustain it; but those who are acquainted with the following circumstance, will not deem that George was very wide of the mark in making the charge; as I think it will be difficult to find stronger proof of hypocrisy and canting. A short time since, a worthy Friend, who is far advanced in years, very infirm in body, and still more infirm in mind, had a good deal to say in one of our public meetings, at which were many strangers, in such a way as to be exceedingly trying to all who have a concern for the good ordering of our meetings. During the course of his remarks, O. Johnson was repeatedly observed to exhibit lightness of behaviour, &c. In a person feeling in no degree the importance of the occasion on which we were convened, and having no concern for the good order of our meetings, this conduct was not to be wondered at, as the discourse was calculated to lead to such a result. But the unpleasant feature of the case is this: At the close of the meeting, as the aged Friend was passing from the house, a person introduced him to O. Johnson, at the same time saying something that was not fully understood; but it was believed to be, that O. Johnson was a warm friend of the slave, &c. The aged Friend shook him heartily by the hand, saying, that in that thing he had full unity with him. Here was a chance to make capital, too good to be lost; and how was it improved? Why, O. Johnson replied,—Mr. ———, I am glad to be introduced to you; it gives me much pleasure; and I feel best satisfied to say, that your communications, *both this morning*, and on former occasions, have been very edifying to my feelings, and comforting to my spirit, &c. Now, I have not the slightest objection to O. Johnson's being edified and comforted by such a communication; but his conduct during its delivery did not comport with such a state of mind. (23)

Regarding his accusation of the founders of our Society disturbing the worship of other denominations, he might, with equal justice, accuse William Penn and William Mead of a breach of the peace, in addressing a jury, at the Old Baily, in 1670, under the tyrannical government of Charles the 2d, and urging upon them to maintain their rights, and the rights of all Englishmen, under their great charter or constitution. Friends acted under the same necessity, in supporting their legal and religious rights, when they entered the churches of which they were members, and at which they were required by law to attend, and there spoke to the people after the regular service. (24) There may be one or two exceptions, in which Friends interrupted the service, which was only a breach of the church regulations; and in all the commitments and imprisonments in that day, I have found none for the breach of any law against disturbing persons assembled for divine worship; (25) but very many for refusing to take an oath, for holding unlawful assemblies, or conventicles, and speaking therein, and for non-attendance at the church, and for not paying the fine for non-attendance. I know of no instance on record of their attending at the church for any purpose, after they became a Society. (26) How different was the conduct of O. Johnson, in coming into the meeting of a Society in which he had no right, (27) and slandering that Society, in the presence of its members and others, (28) in justification of his own outrage in asserting that one of its ministers had declared that which was untrue. (29)

P. S. Since the foregoing was written, I perceive that the last "Anti-Slavery Standard," published in this city, (on 5th-day last,) contains a violent attack upon our Society. (30) This paper is the official organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and is under the management of the Executive Committee of said Society, the Committee consisting of some eight or ten persons: James S. Gibbons, (Chairman,) Charles Marriott, (Secretary,) Isaac T. Hopper, (Treasurer,) of their Society,—the three being members of our monthly meeting; and they, with one exception of a person not a member of our Society, are the only residents of the Executive Committee in the city. (31) The parties admit that they are the Acting Executive Committee; the others occasionally attend when in town; and they support and direct the publication of the paper. By this thou wilt perceive that the paper is supported and directed by members of Society, they being three out of four of the acting part of the committee.

These persons, after having made efforts to introduce their agents and lecturers among Friends in this vicinity, and having utterly failed, have now commenced an attack upon us; and it is to be feared that Friends living at a distance, not being acquainted with circumstances that transpire here, have written letters, perhaps confidentially, which are liable to be made use of to their injury, and the injury of their services in Society.

I send thee a copy of the paper. I presume no (public) notice will be taken of this attack, or of the correspondence—I mean by way of reply to it. (32)

P. S. 2d 4*th mo.*—The cases of Isaac T. Hopper and James S. Gibbons were this day reported to the preparative meeting, and referred to the monthly meeting, charged with being concerned in the support of a paper having a tendency to create disunity and discord amongst us.

Thee is at liberty to make any use of this letter, if it will be any advantage to thee. (33)

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NOTES IN REPLY TO THE FOREGOING LETTER.

(1.) Was it ingenuous, to attempt to impair confidence in the truthfulness of what I had said in the pamphlet, by statements respecting the "estimation" in which I was held by those whose circumstances rendered them peculiarly liable to imbibe prejudices against me? Certainly it would have been very remarkable, if the warm supporters of G. F. White had not been offended with me for publicly contradicting, in a manner however unexceptionable, statements made by him under a profession of Divine inspiration. *They* would not be likely, under such circumstances, surely, to hold *me* in *better* "estimation" than were the early Friends by those whose doctrines and practices they so pointedly condemned. Suppose, that, instead of replying directly to the statements of Robert Hicks, I were to attempt to impair confidence in his character, by reporting the "estimation" in which he is held by those who are bitterly prejudiced against him: would not every candid person say, that such a course was unfair, and that it furnished presumptive evidence that I was in the wrong? So it appears to me. I submit whether the rule will not work both ways.

(2.) The writer of this letter is an Overseer of the New-York monthly meeting. If he can substantiate what he here asserts, why has he not dealt with the individual alluded to as the discipline requires? Why is such a charge "privately circulated" within the limits of three or four yearly meetings?

(3.) Perhaps all this is "not doubted" by those "Friends here," who believe George F. White to be divinely inspired; but others, I apprehend, will not estimate very highly the candor of one who can accuse such men as Isaac T. Hopper, Charles Marriott, and James S. Gibbons, of employing "a tool," to do that which they "dare not do themselves." So far as the imputation relates to myself, I simply deny that it has any foundation in truth.

(4.) Those who have read the correspondence must, I am sure, acknowledge that on my part it was at least characterized by manly frankness, and the absence of design to "entrap" any one. Of that, however, others must judge.

(5.) Those who listened to his denunciations of "hireling writers," on the next Sabbath after the appearance of the pamphlet, and heard him declare, (with a *vehemence* and *agitation* of manner peculiarly his own, and in singular contrast with the *usual* indications of peace of mind,) that he enjoyed a "REST" which could not be disturbed by "reptiles" and "household vermin," will be likely to suspect, that if he had not read it himself, he had at least *heard* it read by some one else.

(6.) Immediately on receiving a copy of this letter, I addressed to the ostensible author the following note:

NEW-YORK, *July* 31, 1841.

ROBERT HICKS:

I have in my possession a copy of a letter written by you, and addressed to Samuel Griffith, of Jefferson county, Ohio, under date of "3d mo. 26th, 1841;" in which, alluding to the published correspondence between George F. White and myself, you say:

"In reading the two last letters, I became suspicious that there was something wrong, and requested George to let me have the originals of Oliver Johnson's letters, together with the copies of his own in reply. On examining and comparing them with the pamphlet, I find many alterations, omissions, and additions."

As your letter has been circulated privately, to a considerable extent, and is calculated to make an impression, where its statements are believed, that I have printed George F. White's letters, as well as my own, incorrectly, I am desirous of placing the matter in its true light before all whom it concerns. For this reason, I request you to *specify, particularly*, all the "alterations, omissions, and additions," to which you allude. If you will give me such a specification, I hereby pledge myself to publish it as extensively as I did the correspondence, and to furnish you, gratuitously, with 100 copies, if you desire them.

I will also make to you the following proposition, which, if it suits you better than to comply with the foregoing request, you can accept. If you will call at the Anti-Slavery Office, 143 Nassau-street, with any friend, or number of friends, whom you may choose to have with you, and bring the originals of my letters to George F. White, I will produce the originals of his to me; and the whole may be freely examined in the presence of both your friends and mine. Any "alterations, omissions, and additions," which may be discovered on such an examination, I will publish, as before stated, and furnish you with 100 copies of the same, if you desire them. If you prefer some other place to the Anti-Slavery office, I will meet you with one or two friends at any place in the city, and at almost any time, which you may choose.

I deem it proper, in conclusion, to apprise you, that I shall feel at liberty to publish your letter to Samuel Griffith, with such comments as it appears to me to require.

Respectfully,
Your friend,
OLIVER JOHNSON.

Could I have made a fairer proposition, or furnished more conclusive evidence that the charge against me was unfounded? But did the author accept the proposition, and embrace the opportunity thus afforded to establish, if possible, by the only fair means, an accusation, which, if true, must necessarily destroy the confidence of the public in my honesty? Or did he retract the charge? He did neither. Like the man in the gospel, conscious that he had not the garment of truth for a covering, "*he was speechless!*"

Here I might dismiss this calumny as unworthy of further notice; but, in order to put it for ever to rest, and to satisfy even suspicion itself, I offer the following

CERTIFICATE.

The undersigned, members of the Society of Friends, as an act of simple justice, hereby certify, that Oliver Johnson has this day placed in our hands certain manuscript letters, which we have satisfactory reasons for believing, and which, we do not doubt, are the original letters of George F. White, published in a pamphlet, entitled, "Correspondence between Oliver Johnson and George F. White, a minister of the Society of Friends;" and that, on a careful and rigid comparison, we find the same printed in the said pamphlet with scrupulous accuracy and fidelity, without "omissions, additions, or alterations," except in the following trifling and unimportant particulars, viz.:

1. In the pamphlet, p. 15, (line 13 from bottom,) the word "have" is erroneously printed for *had*; so as to read, "I *have* long looked upon," &c. instead of, "I *had* long looked upon," &c.

2. The phrase, "thy informant," on p. 16 of the pamphlet, line 18 from bottom, reads in the original, "thy thy informant."

3. In three instances, in the last letter of G. F. W., in order to correct a *mistake*, (which is fully explained by a note in the pamphlet itself,) the word "implements" is substituted for its synonym, "materials."

4. The *name* of the person, who gave the information which led to the correspondence, is written in the original, but omitted in the pamphlet for the reason stated in a note on p. 10.

5. In four or five instances, Oliver Johnson has corrected the orthography of G. F. W.

6. In several cases, Oliver Johnson has made proper corrections in punctuation, and in the use of capital letters.

Not one of these mistakes, or corrections, affects, in the least degree, the meaning of the writer, as expressed in the original letters.

We have been induced to give this certificate, not only as an act of justice to Oliver Johnson, but from a belief that those who have honestly imbibed impressions unfavorable to him, will be glad to have them corrected.

JOHN KETCHAM,
HENRY WILLIS,
JOSEPH POST,
MARY W. POST.

Jericho, L. I., 8th mo. 9, 1841.

The signers of this certificate are members of the monthly meetings of Jericho and Westbury, and all well known to Robert Hicks, as persons whose character for veracity is unimpeachable. I might have obtained the signatures of a score of Friends, of equally high standing, if I had deemed it necessary.

It has been suggested, that my accuser may attempt to substantiate his charge, by declaring, that the insertion of a comma or a semicolon, where it was manifestly required by the common rules of punctuation, is an "addition;" that leaving out either of these marks, for a similar reason, is an "omission;" and that the substitution of a —— for the name of the informant, and a correction of false orthography, are "alterations," &c. &c. A resort to such a subterfuge, however, would be tantamount to a confession of gross hypocrisy and an intention to deceive; for what reader of his letter would suppose that he alluded in his charge to the common corrections of punctuation and orthography, which the printer is expected to make in nearly every manuscript that is put in his hands? The letters of George F. White were treated by me as I would treat those of a personal friend. They were as well prepared for the press as manuscripts generally are; and if I had refused to make the corrections which are demanded in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, of a similar character, I should have been charged with an invidious effort to make him appear illiterate. If any one should still suspect that I have done him injustice, or doubt the fidelity of the examination made by the signers of the certificate, the letters are open to inspection.

It may be asked, whether the "omissions, additions, and alterations," do not pertain chiefly to my own letters? Respecting this, I only need say, that, with the exception of a single word, I am confident the printed letters will be found to correspond exactly with the originals, as they do with the copies which I retained. The word to which I allude is, "unworthy," which, if I had followed the original, I should have inserted before "member," on p. 6, line 20 from top. I omitted it, that I might not appear to proclaim my own humility.

I waive all comments upon the motives of my accuser, as well as upon the insidious nature of the charge itself. It is enough for me that I have shown the latter to be groundless.

(7.) There is another rule, given by one "greater than Solomon," by which the conduct of both G. F. W. and myself must be tested—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

(8.) In answer to this *general* charge, I can only say, that it is untrue. So far as the writer has ventured to *specify* what he is pleased to term "misrepresentations and falsehood," my reply will be found in subsequent notes.

(9.) This statement may deceive those who live at a distance, but it will have no other effect here, than to impair confidence in him who makes it. It is perfectly notorious, and, so far as I know, has never before been denied, either by friend or foe, that on the occasion referred to, George F. White attributed the "blasphemy" to "abolitionists," without qualification, and without allusion to any Society, or resolution of a Society. It was in this light that I replied to the charge, denying its truth; and remarking, at the same time, "that it was not unlikely, that out of 1500 or 2000 Anti-Slavery Societies, scattered in every part of the free States, one or more might have used unguarded language on this point." G. F. W. did not pretend that I had misunderstood or misconstrued his remarks, but immediately reiterated the charge; and in the interview, at his own house, with James S. Gibbons, he contended that the resolution of the Philadelphia Society fairly implicated the whole body of abolitionists. So far from complaining that I had misunderstood him, in supposing that he referred to abolitionists generally, he even ridiculed the argument by which J. S. G. endeavored to convince him that the Philadelphia Society was alone responsible for its resolutions. On this point I confidently appeal to hundreds, in Philadelphia and elsewhere, who have often heard him make the same charge in the most unqualified terms. Indeed, he rarely, if ever, uses qualifying terms, but almost invariably speaks in the superlative degree. Of course, if he had only said that *an Anti-Slavery Society* had adopted a "blasphemous" resolution, I should have been relieved from the unpleasant duty of a public reply. A private request to be furnished with the *name* of the Society would, in that case, have been sufficient.

(10.) In this the writer is probably correct. George F. White rarely, if ever, uses so mild a term as "sinner." "Hypocrites," "vile hypocrites," "hypocritical hirelings," "hypocritical workers of popular* righteousness," "emissaries of Satan," "servants of the Devil," "wolves," "reptiles," "household vermin,"—these, and such as these, are the epithets he is wont to apply to members of his own religious society, and to others equally worthy of esteem and confidence. And yet, he calls no man a sinner! As if it were possible for men to be "hypocrites," and not at the same time "sinners!" As if "hypocrisy" were not the most aggravated of all sins!

(11.) I did not use this expression; but simply said, that I rose "from a sense of duty."

(12.) The object of denying that the general invitation to "*any* body" included me, is to furnish an apology for the treatment which I received at the house of G. F. W. The distinction may pass for what it is worth; but suppose I was *not* invited; is that a justification for turning me out of doors? Is that such treatment as the gospel would sanction, even when awarded to an enemy? "If ye salute [extend the rites of hospitality to] your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans the same?" Let those who think I acted improperly in going to the house of G. F. White, for the purpose of asking him, in a respectful manner, to let me see the "vouchers" which he said he was willing to show to "*any* body," and who are ready to excuse or palliate his conduct in ordering me out of the house, read the following, from Besse's Sufferings of the Quakers, vol. i. p. 583:

"About this time (1658) it happened, that Elizabeth Tucker, a zealous woman of Ilminster, went to the house o James Strong, Priest of that place, and exhorted him, in the name of the Lord, to give over deceiving the people, where he was set up and owned as a minister, and no longer to make a prey upon the innocent by his covetous practices. *The priest, angry at reproof, thrust her out, and shut the door after her*, before she had fully expressed her mind."

True, the priest above mentioned used physical force to eject the woman from the house; and in this respect his conduct was different from that of George F. White. But, then, it must be considered, on the other hand, that the priest did not profess to be a Quaker, and that the woman visited him not by invitation, nor in defence of her own character; while her language was peculiarly calculated to provoke him.

(13.) Did not the asking such questions betray a consciousness of having acted improperly? Is it natural for a man, when feelings of kindness are uppermost in his heart, and the "voice within" conveys no reproof, to inquire what others think of his conduct?

(14.) This is incorrect. No such request was made during the conversation with J. S. G.

(15.) During this time, James stood with his hat in his hand, ready to depart. He regarded himself as excluded from an honorable reception by the treatment awarded to me. Under such circumstances, can I be blamed for not withdrawing alone?

(16.) I hardly know how to express, without seeming harshness, the disgust I feel, and which I am sure must be excited in every enlightened mind, by this effort to characterize as blasphemous the resolutions of the Philadelphia Junior Society, which, understood according to their obvious intent and meaning, are perfectly consistent with the highest sense of dependence upon God. Think of a minister of the Society of Friends, at this period of the Christian era, in a country where one-sixth of the people are slaves, whose sighs and groans are borne to his ears on every breeze, turning coldly away from the tale of their agonizing sorrows, justifying his cold-hearted indifference to their wrongs, by the impious declaration that God can send them relief in his own good time! and then fastening an evil eye upon the benevolent action of others, and torturing their very "*mercy* into *crime*!" Shade of Fox, and Penn, and Woolman, and Hicks! Was such *your* testimony against oppression? Did ye suffer the giant iniquities of your generation to go unrebuked, and turn a deaf ear to the cries of suffering humanity, that ye might hurl your denunciations at those whose names were "cast out as evil" for their fidelity to God and truth? Did ye listen to the generous outpourings of sympathy for the down-trodden, from hearts consecrated, in the face of reproach and persecution, to the work of their deliverance, as the Scribes and Pharisees listened to Jesus, that ye might find whereof to accuse them? Was such your spirit—such the example which constitutes the inheritance of those who, while they garnish your sepulchres, defame and persecute the messengers whom God has raised up to proclaim to this generation the truths which fell with such burning eloquence and power from your lips?

(17.) This is not true. There was nothing of arrangement, preparation, or concert with others, in relation to the matter. Not until his denunciations reached a point at which it seemed strange that the very stones did not cry out, nor until I felt that I could not innocently refrain, did I open my mouth; and then I said as little as would satisfy my conscience, and much less than might have been deemed justifiable on the principle of self-defence.

(18.) This is untrue; but I will leave Isaac T. Hopper to speak for himself.

(19.) This is also untrue. Only one member of his family was present, and he affirms that he did not even know that I was going to be there—much less that I would speak.

(20.) The only member of Isaac T. Hopper's family present on that occasion was in the frequent habit of attending that meeting. James S. Gibbons and his wife were also there, but without my knowledge. They, too, frequently attended the Rose-street meeting, as they do still.

(21.) That is to say, he was guilty of lending me, at my own request, the Journal of George Fox! A grave offence, certainly, and worthy of being whispered through Ohio and Western New-York, as a proof that he was at the bottom of the whole affair, and was only using me as his "tool!"

(22.) As I was a stranger to Samuel Griffith, I. T. H., *at my request*, added to my letter of inquiry a note, designed to introduce me to him. Was there any thing wrong in this?

(23.) This story, so confidently related, for the purpose of branding me with insincerity and hypocrisy, is marked by the grossest misrepresentation. The aged Friend alluded to is WILLETT HICKS, an approved minister of the Society, who, when his health allows him to be present, sits at the head of the preachers' gallery in the Rose-street meeting. Nothing could be more unjust than the statement that his communications, at the time alluded to, were calculated to produce disorder. To me, they seemed to partake, in a high degree, of that tenderness of spirit, and that childlike trust in God, which can alone be felt and exhibited by a man of deep religious experience. If there was a quaintness in some of his expressions, calculated to produce a smile, there was much more to move the soul to tears. I confess I was highly delighted with his spirit, and solemnly impressed by what he said. He evidently spoke from the depths of his own experience; and there was in his communications a fervent charity, and a warmth of benevolence, which charmed me the more because they were in such delightful contrast with the sweeping denunciations and scornful invetive, which had characterized most of the preaching to which I had listened in that place. George F. White was absent; and many who had been drawn there by a desire to hear abolitionists abused and vilified, were doubtless disappointed, and not a little chagrined, to hear a good old man declare that he loved every body, "blacks as well as whites," and that no man who was a Christian could either slander his neighbor or hold human beings in bondage. Preaching like this did not suit the admirers of G. F. White! It was too much like that of the prophet Nathan, and came home too closely to their own consciences. The assertion that I was "observed to exhibit lightness of behavior," is no more true, than that "the discourse was calculated to lead to such a result." I was *pleased*, and my countenance may have exhibited the pleasure I felt. Friends, I know, on such occasions, are more strict than others; and if I suffered the emotions of the mind to be more visibly expressed by the countenance, than is usual with them, my apology is, that I have not been educated in their Society, but in one which regards it as no breach of decorum when individuals are seen even to smile at the expression of a sentiment that is peculiarly quaint or pleasing. I am confident, that on the occasion alluded to, I did not do this; but whether I did or not, it is the height of injustice to represent me as having spoken insincerely in what I said at the time I was introduced to Willett Hicks. I told him, what I deeply felt, that I had been edified by what had fallen from his lips, and that I rejoiced to see him, on the verge of life, enjoying in so high a degree the consolations of religion. It is recollected by members of the family with whom I lived, that on returning from the meeting, I expressed, with much enthusiasm of manner, the same feelings which I communicated to him.

(24.) This is mere dust-throwing. Every one who has read the early history of Friends, must be aware, that they did not go to the "steeple-houses" because the *law* required them to do so, nor merely to support their own legal and religious rights; but in obedience, as they believed, to the Spirit of God, to rebuke the priests and the people for their sins, and to bear testimony in favor of a pure Christianity. Besides, their visits were not confined to the "steeple-houses" of the Established Church. For example:

"Thomas Bond, being at an *Independent* meeting in Great Yarmouth, (1655,) after their preacher had done, found a necessity upon him of speaking to the assembly, which he began to do, when one of their Elders, or Deacons, interrupted him, by thrusting him down over a high seat," &c. "He was taken and sent to prison, where he lay among felons."—*Besse's Sufferings of the Quakers*, vol. i. p. 487.

In the same work, (vol. i. p. 190,) it is stated that James Parnel, in 1655, when only 18 years of age, "went to Coggeshall, where the *Independent* professors had appointed a fast." He "stood still till the priest had done," when he entered into a discussion with him. "On his coming out of the steeple-house, he was apprehended, and after examination, committed to Colchester castle," on a charge of having entered the church "in a riotous manner," &c. He was afterwards tried, found guilty, "fined £40, and sent again to prison till payment."

Of course there was no law compelling Friends to go to the meetings of the Independents.

(25.) I have before me the Journal of Richard Davies, a work well known among Friends. On p. 37, after stating that he went to the "steeple-house," in Welch Pool, in 1657, where he addressed the assembly, he says:

"But I spoke but a little while, ere I was taken away to prison, with the young man before mentioned. . . . . *We were committed to prison on that* LAW, *made in Oliver's days, that none were to speak to the priest or preachers, neither at their worship, nor coming and going.*"

As the following cases of imprisonment, *for speaking in the "steeple-houses,"* occurred during Cromwell's reign, there is little doubt that they were for violations of the law above referred to.

"In this and the foregoing year, (1654-5,) Joseph Cole, Dorothy Waugh, George Adamson, Hannah Mills, Thomas Curtis, and Anne, his wife, were imprisoned at several times for offering to speak, by way of Christian exhortation, to the priest and people, when assembled in their place for public worship at Reading."—*Besse's Sufferings of the Quakers*, vol. i. p 11.

"About this time, (1656,) several persons were committed to Newgate, in Bristol, for bearing testimony to the truth in the place of public worship there, viz:—Thomas Robinson, Josiah Cole, John Smith, John Waring, Henry Waring, Margaret Thomas, Elizabeth Marshall, Temperance Hignell, George Harrison, Christopher Birkhead, Benjamin Maynard, John Ware and John Bezer."—*Ib. vol.* i. pp. 41—2.

"Mary Fisher, James Lancaster, and John Cunningham, for giving Christian exhortations to the priests and people, when assembled in the places for public worship, were committed to prison," (in 1655.)—*Ib.* p. 75.

"George Fox, for preaching the truth in the great worship-house at Carlisle, (1653) after the priest had ended his sermon, and for witnessing a good confession before the magistrates and people there, was imprisoned seven weeks, sometimes among thieves and murderers." "Peter Head, for testifying to the truth in the steeple-house at Deane, was imprisoned fourteen weeks."—*Ib.* p. 127.

I might quote scores of similar cases, but the above will be deemed sufficient.

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* I am told that a relative of the writer took a copy to the Genesee Yearly Meeting, where it was read in various circles, in vindication of G. F. White, and to destroy confidence in me!

† A copy was sent to Robert Hicks, in proof, in order to afford him an opportunity to point out any errors of the copyist. As the proof was not returned, I take it for granted that he admits it to be a correct copy.

* "*Popular!*" This is certainly a very singular adjective to be used in such a connexion. Would it not be more consistent with truth to say, that those who thus denounce abolitionists are "workers of popular unrighteousness?" Many offences have been charged to the abolitionists, but G. F. White is the only one, I believe, who has accused them of being engaged in a *popular* work.

(26.) This is a very remarkable statement, and shows either great ignorance, or a disposition to deceive. It appears by Gough's history, that meetings of Friends "begun to be settled" as early as 1648; in 1650, they were called Quakers; and in 1652, the historian informs us that "THE SOCIETY increased under their sufferings," and that every obstacle "proved ineffectual to check the progress of this SOCIETY." Of course the Society could not have made "progress" before its existence; and hence we may conclude that Friends "became a Society" at least as early as 1652. Now all the cases of imprisonment for speaking in the church, quoted in the preceding note, occurred *after* this date; and there are hundreds of a similar character on record.

"1657. William Callow was detained eight weeks in prison, for publicly reproving a priest whom he heard *abusing the Quakers** in his sermon to the people."—*Besse's Sufferings*, vol. i. p. 269.

On p. 303, of the same volume, I find no less than 28 cases! But let me give a few instances from the history of Friends in our own country:

1657. "Christopher Holder and John Copeland, being at Salem, went to the place of public worship there, and after the priest had ended his service, Holder spake a few words, but was presently pulled backward by the hair of his head, and had a glove and handkerchief thrust into his mouth, and so was turned out, and with his companion carried to Boston next day, where each of them received thirty stripes with a knotted whip of three cords, the executioner measuring his ground, and fetching his strokes with all his strength, which so cruelly cut their flesh, that a woman, at the sight of it, fell down as dead."—*Besse's Sufferings*, vol. ii. p. 183.

1657. "Sarah Gibbons and Dorothy Waugh, being come to Boston, after a public lecture there, spake a few words to the people, for which they were sent to the House of Correction, where, after being kept three days without any food, they were cruelly whipped."—*Ib.* p. 184.

1658. "About this time Thomas Harris, from Rhode Island, came to Boston, and in the public meeting-place there, after the priest had done, warned the people of the dreadful, terrible day of the Lord, which was coming upon that town and country. He was presently haled out by the hair of his head, and sent to prison. Next day he was cruelly whipped."—*Ib.* p. 185.

Here are several instances, which occurred at a period when no one will doubt that the Friends had "become a Society."

1663. "Thomas Newhouse was whipped through the jurisdiction of Boston, for testifying against the persecutors in their meeting-house there; at which time he, in a prophetic manner, having two glass bottles in his hands, threw them down, saying, 'So shall you be dashed in pieces.'"—*Besse's Sufferings*, vol. ii. p. 232.

1665. "Thomas Newhouse, being in Boston on a lecture-day, went into the worship-house, and stood silent till the preacher had done, and then would have spoken, by way of exhortation to the people, but was immediately haled away to prison, and the next day whipped in the market-place with ten stripes, and then out of town with ten more, which punishment he again underwent at Roxbary and at Dedham."—*Ib.* p. 237.

1677. "Margaret Brewster had a foresight given her of that grievous calamity called the black-pox, which afterward spread there, to the cutting off many of the people. Wherefore she was constrained, in a prophetic manner, to warn them thereof, by entering into their public assembly, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, and with her face made black."—*Ib.* p. 260.

The question may well be put to the author of the letter, "Art thou an" Overseer "in Israel, and knowest not these things?"

(27.) True, I had "no right" in the *Society*, but I had right in the *meeting*, in common with every one who chose to attend. If it be said that I had no right to speak, in vindication of myself and others, when we were grossly abused and slandered by the minister, then I ask what right had early Friends to defend themselves, when they were assailed in sermons by the priests? What right had James Parnel, for instance, to "vindicate himself and brethren against the opprobrious misrepresentations" of the minister of the *Independent* Church in Coggeshall? [See Gough's History, vol. i. p. 183.]

(28.) I have furnished evidence, in the preceding notes, that so far from slandering the Society, I only stated a fact, which no one acquainted with its history can deny.

(29.) Was it an "outrage" to deny that abolitionists were guilty of "blasphemy," and to challenge an examination of their official documents in proof of innocence? The sensitiveness of some persons in their relation to what I said on that occasion, reminds me of the man who gave as a reason for being angry when another called him a liar, that "the rascal *proved* it." If there is not a conviction that what I said on that occasion was *true*, why this effort to excite odium against me for having spoken? The fact of speaking is of itself of little consequence, and would have been passed by as the idle wind, if I had not uttered unwelcome truth.

(30.) The paper in question contained nothing which, by any possible construction, can be regarded as an attack upon the Society of Friends. The conduct of G. F. White, and of the "governing influences of the Rose-street meeting," is indeed spoken of with great plainness; but they are not *the Society of Friends*; nor do I believe that the Society will sustain them in their course.

(31.) This is a mistake. There were *two* members of the committee, residing in the city, who were not Friends.

(32.) "No *public* notice." The answers were to be *private*, so as to deprive me, if possible, of the power of reply. I leave it for others to judge, in view of the facts, why darkness was thus preferred to light.

(33.) The use which has actually been made of the letter shows how much was intended by the liberty here given. It was to be handed about to individuals, and read in private circles—and *not published*.

I have thus replied to all those parts of the letter of Robert Hicks, which appeared to me to demand notice. It was with reluctance that I entered upon the task; and the readers of the Standard will not regret more sincerely than I do, that the letter and reply occupy so much room. The latter I have endeavored to make as brief as was consistent with its object.

Isaac T. Hopper has made a brief answer to those parts of the letter which relate particularly to himself, which I annex.

"Without concealment,
Without compromise,"
Yours, &c.
OLIVER JOHNSON.

STATEMENT OF ISAAC T. HOPPER.

After what Oliver Johnson has written, there seems but little left requiring my attention; as I think every one, who carefully examines the subject, will see, that the bold and positive assertions of the writer of the letter he has reviewed, are entitled to no credit; and yet there are a few points in it, that appear proper for me to notice.

The writer of the letter says, that "Oliver Johnson is ostensibly the sole author of the pamphlet; but it is not doubted by Friends here, that he is a tool of these parties, employed by them to do that which they, as members of Society, dare not do themselves." The plain English of this, according to my understanding, is, that Friends here believe that myself, with some other members of the Society, are the *real* authors of the pamphlet entitled, "Correspondence between Oliver Johnson and George F. White," &c. That great efforts have been used by some individuals in this city to make such an impression, is unquestionable; verifying the truth of the Scripture declaration, "An evil man, out of the evil treasure of his heart, bringeth forth evil things."

The publication of Oliver Johnson's pamphlet produced an agitation and angry feeling, wholly incompatible with that stability and settlement of mind which is the invariable attendant of those who have experienced, in any considerable degree, a settlement upon that foundation, against which the rains and the floods beat in vain; and as he is not a member of the Society of Friends, some individuals appear to have sought for other objects on whom to pour out their vengeance.

The writer of the letter asserts, that Oliver Johnson says, I "furnished him with the cases he has cited, to prove that early Friends unlawfully disturbed the meetings of other denominations," and that I "endorsed his character as a respectable, worthy man." Here is the evidence upon which Friends found their belief, if they really do believe, that I and some other Friends, are the real authors of the pamphlet. Rather flimsy grounds upon which to accuse us of falsehood.

To the former of these charges I will just say, that, at his request, I lent him George Fox's Journal, which abounds with such instances. To the latter I would reply,—I did so, and feel no regret for having done it; and with all the disposition which the writer of the letter under notice manifests to render him odious, he has entirely failed to fasten a stain upon his reputation, or to show that he is unworthy of the character I have given of him. This is all I had to do in getting up the pamphlet, though at the time I had no idea that a pamphlet was to be made.

There is another part of Robert Hicks' letter that is still more extraordinary than those above quoted, where he says, "The attack made by Oliver Johnson upon George F. White was a premeditated one, *Isaac T. Hopper was cognizant of this fact*; and on the morning when it was made, several members of his family were at the meeting, (not the one to which they belong, and which they usually attend,) apparently with the view of witnessing the outrage." Here is a positive assertion without even a shadow of evidence to sustain it. It is not true. But *one* member of my family was present at that time, and he was in the frequent practice of attending; but he did not even know that Oliver Johnson expected to be there on that day. James S. Gibbons and his wife were there, it is true; but they are not members of my family, and they both declare, that they had no knowledge of Oliver Johnson's intentions of being at Rose-street at that time. They were both in the habit of frequently attending that meeting.

In speaking of James S. Gibbons, Charles Marriott, and myself, the writer of the letter says: "These persons, after having made efforts to introduce their agents and lecturers among Friends in this vicinity, and having utterly failed, have now commenced an attack upon us." Here is another charge as groundless as the preceding. We never did make any efforts to introduce "agents and lecturers" among Friends in this vicinity, or any where else. Oliver Johnson delivered two lectures in Friends' meeting-house at Marlborough, Ulster co., in this State, by the invitation of some Friends there; and he also lectured twice on Long Island, at the request of some members of the Society of Friends in the neighborhood where they were delivered. But he was not sent by us, neither did he, or any other person, ever deliver a lecture "among Friends" at our request; neither is it true that we have ever "commenced an attack upon Friends."

I have never wished to conceal the fact, that I receive a salary of six hundred dollars per annum for my services. At the annual meeting in the 5th mo. 1840, I was appointed Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society. I was also solicited to take charge of the sale of the books in the office, and attend to such other matters as might require attention connected with the establishment. I consented to do so. These objects occupy my whole time, and I feel perfectly at liberty to receive a compensation for it. I have devoted a large portion of my time for many years, and have spent much money, without any other reward than that arising from having been instrumental in relieving many of my colored brethren from cruel oppression. The Society of Friends have always, since I have known them, been in the practice of paying for transacting their secular concerns, precisely the same in nature with those in which I am engaged; but I have never heard it charged as a crime.

I will now leave Robert Hicks to settle this matter with his own conscience and with his friends, whom he has so grossly abused by misrepresentation, not to say downright untruth. I have spoken plainly—the circumstances of the case require it—and I regret the occasion which has made it imperative that I should do so; but I have no hostility towards the individual with whom I have dealt so plainly.

ISAAC T. HOPPER.

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* *Could* he have abused them worse than G. F. White abused the abolitionists, or given a more just cause for reproof? He must have been uncommonly skilled in the art of vituperation, if he could.

Selections.

From the Lynn Record.

ANNIVERSARY OF WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION

Was celebrated on Sunday evening last in Boston, at the Marlboro' Chapel, by a splendid meeting, at which Francis Jackson, President of the Massachusetts, Anti-Slavery Society, presided. Rev. Mr. Himes opened the meeting with prayer, and Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Ellis Gray Loring, and Wendell Phillips addressed the meeting. The chapel was well filled with intelligent and attentive hearers.—Profound attention and a high degree of interest were kept up from beginning to end, from 7 1-2 till 10 o'clock.

[Having alluded to the remarks of Mr. Garrison, the editor of the Record proceeds to notice the effort of Mr. Loring.]

Whatever he gains, must be by dint of argument. This he possesses in an eminent degree. But few lawyers command greater powers of reasoning. He always speaks to the point, and his reasoning is always clear, forcible and convincing. Besides, he is careful to be on the side of truth. Thus armed, he goes forth like David with his sling, and wo to the luckless Goliath who *falls in his way*. No man knows his own weapons, or how to use them, better than he. At this meeting, he was unusually happy. We never knew him do so well. He turned the subject of slavery round and round, viewed it on all sides, and exposed and expounded every part to the audience. He spoke a little short of an hour; but in that small compass, suggested more profitable hints, imparted more useful knowledge, and threw out more light on the subject, than is generally done during the whole sitting of a Convention. Of course, we could not do justice by any attempt to give even a sketch of his speech. It was adapted to animate the desponding, and to inspire every abolitionist with certainty of success.

Mr. L. said, it had been objected, that all *talk at the North* on the subject of slavery was idle. We could *do nothing*. Massachusetts could not abolish slavery in South Carolina, and to talk on the subject, at a distance from the evil, was of no avail.—But he said *talking*, enlightening public sentiment, would accomplish the object. How is it in temperance? We do not go into the distilleries to reason against it; on the subject of immorality, we do not go into a brothel to speak against it. Nor is it necessary to go where slavery exists. Make the thing odious; operate through public sentiment. Let the slaveholder see and realize the truth, that it is unjust, dishonorable and mean, in the extreme, to enslave human beings, and extort labor without pay, and that the whole community know this, and consider him more mean than a horse-thief, and he could not go forth in that community; he would not look a man in the face; and could not hold up his head.

Mr. L. said, it had generally been supposed that there was no anti-slavery at the South, because its voice had been drowned by the clamor there kept up against it: but this could not always be the case; the deep thought which is there in exercise on this subject, cannot always be smothered, and when it begins to find utterance, there will be a general outbreak. He should not be surprised to find anti-slavery, like the temperance cause, bursting forth from a quarter least expected. He should not be at all surprised to find it breaking our in Virginia, in Alabama, Kentucky, or Tennessee, and sweeping with irresistible force.

We do not pretend to give the language of Mr. L. but a general idea of his reasoning on one point. It will be recollected, that it was the argument of Mr. Loring before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, that caused the important and celebrated decision of Chief Justice Shaw, that *a slave, voluntarily brought into this State, is free, the moment of entering it*. The same decision, in substance, has since been declared in Connecticut, New-Jersey, Ohio, and we believe in several other States.

Wendell Phillips, who has recently returned home from a long tour in Europe, took the stand a quarter past nine, when the audience began to be restless and to retire, but was welcomed with an enthusiasm which broke over the bounds of restraint, although a special request had been made from the chair, that no demonstration of applause might be shown on this occasion. To say that Mr. Phillips is an elegant, eloquent and accomplished orator, would be only saying what every body knows. It is more, to say that he equalled the hight wrought expectations of the audience. He compared the slavery of England and America, and the operations of the two countries, relating to emancipation. He was heard with great attention and delight. We left him speaking, a few minutes before 10 o'clock.

Mr. P. was the young man, who in the dark hour of adversity, stood up in Faneuil Hall, and successfully refuted *James T. Austin*, when the latter made his *infamous* speech on the death of the lamented Lovejoy. Wendell Phillips, Ellis Gray Loring, Edmund Quincy, and Samuel E. Sewall, are able and respectable members of the Boston bar, who stand ready on all occasions, and in all the ways in their power, fearlessly to aid the persecuted, oppressed, and despised colored man, without money and without price. They are an honor to this country, which owes them a deep debt of gratitude.

A correspondent of the Morning Post, criticising the speeches made at the meeting in the Chapel, says—

'Phillip's speech was really eloquent. He said that in England, not a man was to be found who doubted of the beneficial effects of West India Emancipation, while here the contrary opinion generally prevails: this, he remarked, is because our information is derived from interested sources.. 'It is said,' he continued, 'that England cannot reproach America—let her turn her eyes to the East. She *has* turned her eyes to the East: seven years ago her sugars were supplied from slave colonies and from Brazil; then but 7000 lbs. of sugar were imported from the East Indies into her ports; now the import of East India sugar is 70,000 lbs. She *has* turned her eyes to the East, and already the sound of the cotton gin is heard on the banks of the Ganges; already East India cotton has ranged as high as American, in the price current of Liverpool. Slave labor costs sixpence a day, but in India, labor costs but two-pence a day; with free men toiling on our cotton plantations, we could supply them at less cost than two-pence a day. The question, then, of American slavery is to be settled in the markets of Liverpool.' We believe that Phillips is right in this last particular, for, as you recently remarked, Mr. Editor, '*Commerce* is the great agent for promoting the civilization and christianization of the world.' The economy of Divine Providence is such that *interest* is always on the side of moral right,—and when men see this, they submit to the dictation of their pockets more readily than to that of Garrison, or conscience.'

CUBA.

"There is no peace for the wicked."

The Spanish newspaper, *Constitutionel*, in a letter from Havana, contains the following:

"The news which has been current for some days is very alarming. Such is the predisposition of the country to fear, that everybody has been startled with the rumor that Spain had set on foot negotiations with England for the liberation of the slaves. The anxiety was calmed, because the report wanted foundation. We are assured, on the contrary, that the Government has refused the demands of England. At all events, if the Home Government does not settle the future prospects of these possessions, the anxiety will go on increasing, and the necessary confidence for business and commerce will suffer serious diminution. As there are here some independents, who would wish to be united to the United States confederation, they may have had some hand in spreading this report."

The Tribunal of Commerce, at Havana, in a memorial addressed to the Regency of Spain, says:

"A voice of terror is spreading rapidly throughout this capital, and over the whole country, that in the approaching session of the Cortes, legislative measures will be proposed, the tendency of which will be to produce the emancipation of the slaves of this island. This is a matter so grave and delicate, and of such vital interest to every inhabitant of the country, that even a whisper of it cannot be heard without alarming the minds of men least liable to terror, and producing ideas which lead to extravagance and absurdity."

Two or three weeks ago, we published in the Standard, a memorial from some of the principal inhabitants of Havana, praying for the abolition of the slave *trade*, as necessary for the safety of the island. We likewise spoke of the perturbation excited by the appointment of Mr. Turnbull, a well-known abolitionist, as British Consul.

It now appears that the Conde de Santo Venia, who holds 800 slaves, has sent a memorial to the government, which thrusts at slavery itself. It is as follows:

"Without opposing ourselves to the ideas of the age to such a degree as to reduce ourselves to the rank of barbarians in the eyes of the whole world without the infraction of a solemn international treaty; without provoking a collision with the contracting power; without involving the nation in a serious, moral, and pecuniary responsibility, and provoking the energies of those numerous and influential societies, which, in England, in North America, and in France, have arogated to themselves the mission of abolishing slavery in favor of one race, although another should perish by it; and without seeing the conflagration of our beautiful fields with indifference, or consenting to perish ourselves under the ruins of our nascent cities; we must not remain any longer in a state of reprehensible inaction, but must set our hands to the work, and make it known to the whole civilized world, that we also know what is due to humanity—even those who resist the most rational reforms with the greatest obstinacy, are compelled to yield to the necessity of the case; but in seeking a remedy, they are afraid to take the initiative, and it is for this reasom that I venture to break silence, persuaded as I am, that your Excellency has been appointed by Providence to be the savior of the island, and that you will listen to my reasons, as free from prejudice, as I am from fear in addressing myself to an old and illustrious general, whose valor has given so many glorious days to his country. ☞ *The greater part of this community are persuaded that we should greatly gain in safety, in civilization, and in our pecuniary interests, by the substitution of free labor for that of slaves; and every thing appears to be prepared for this reform.* ☜ To your Excellency it belongs to place the first stone of the solid edifice of our future and perpetual tranquility. At your Excellency's call, every tongue will reply, and, gathering around you as a centre of salvation, we shall unite our strength in order to justify your confidence."

The Havana correspondent of the London Anti-Slavery Reporter, in a letter, dated May 1, says:

"It affords me the greatest pleasure to be able to inform you that abolition principles begin to take root in this city, and at Matanzas. The present moment is fraught with the greatest hope of results favorable to humanity and freedom; and, if properly improved, must eventually lead on to success, in spite of the opposition we have to encounter from the deleterious influence of the slave trade. I submit, therefore, without the fear of contradiction, that every servant of her Majesty, appointed to hold a commission in this island, should be an abolitionist. This is also the opinion and the particular wish of all the abolitionists of this city, who, although few in number, are influential in means. It is, perhaps, incredible, the good that such men could do. Their example would give vigor to the new birth of abolition principles throughout the country."

Communications.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN NEW BEDFORD AND NANTUCKET.

BOSTON, August 14, 1841.

DEAR FRIEND:

Yesterday evening I returned from an excursion, with old organization anti-slavery friends, to New Bedford and Nantucket. I was not led from my peaceful home by curiosity to see the famed palaces of New Bedford, or the luminous isle of the ocean. I simply wished to know where Anti-Slavery lived out of the city, and how Truth was welcomed in other counties than Suffolk. Her sweet sister Mercy always takes care of her; sometimes consigning her to the ravens to feed, and sometimes to a poor widow.

On this occasion, the hospitality of New Bedford presented itself in the most gratifying form. The colored friends were eager that all strangers interested in the cause of emancipation should be entertained at their expense, and under their care. Their true and active friend, John Baily, with his wife and daughter, whose zeal, in every good work, almost gives them angels' wings, lent their house and themselves to this undertaking. Refreshments were provided with lavish hospitality, and it was really a treat to witness the generous zeal, and happy, intelligent countenances. They evidently had the fullest confidence that the white man could really be a brother.

The colored people in New Bedford seem more prosperous than in Boston. I am told they have very good advantages in their schools. In Miss Baily's school, colored and white children are treated precisely alike; their stations are determined by merit alone. John Baily is President of a social meeting, held every fortnight at his house, to discuss anti-slavery principles and events. In these meetings the colored people acquire the habit of thinking and speaking; a circumstance which may, in a great measure, account for the self-possession of their manners, and the propriety and fluency of their language.

Several of these colored friends were induced to join our party for Nantucket, on the next afternoon, together with a colored clergyman and his family, from New-York. Forty-one abolitionists, in the whole, embarked in the steamboat, with the prospect of a very pleasant sail. It was soon rumored that the captain had ordered all the colored people out of the cabin. He offered to set them on shore, and refund the passage money; but he maintained that he would not leave the wharf till they all quitted the cabin and lower deck. The orders given him by the directors was the excuse. Some relinquished the excursion, and left the boat, rather than submit to this indignity. There was some excitement, but no loud words on either side. A compromise was soon affected. It was agreed that the abolitionists should all accompany the colored people to the upper deck. It happened to be the pleasantest part of the boat; and we were soon followed by nearly all the other passengers. Among them was one, said to be a slaveholder, from New Orleans, with two handsome ladies in his party; and Dr. Robbins, an Episcopal clergyman. The captain made no objection to an anti-slavery meeting on deck. Francis Jackson was chosen to preside; and the audience were very still and attentive, while a resolution was offered and sustained, that the holding a fellow-being in bondage was a sin; and that prejudice, on account of complexion, was likewise sinful. Parker Pilsbury spoke with eloquence and feeling: Mr. Ray, Mr. Collins, Mr. Saunderson, and James Buffum, followed, with appropriate arguments and facts. All present were urged to join in the discussion, and assurance was given that any objections to emancipation should be heard with candor and respect.

The Rev. Dr. Robbins accepted the challenge, and spoke an hour or more. His arguments were those which have been so often repeated, as to be familiar to all interested in the subject. He is an old, white-headed man, with clerical formality of voice and manner. Never having heard a minister of the gospel undertake to defend slavery, I listened to him with amazed attention. The following proposition seemed to give him most especial satisfaction—That, of the forty-seven millions of the sons of Ham, now on the earth, none were so well off, for time and eternity, as the three millions of American slaves! These, he asserted, were well fed and well clothed, *with honorable employment and comfortable homes!!* Nevertheless, he professed to regret the existence of the institution in this country, though he could not consider it a sin, or contrary to the providence and divine decrees of God. He expressed great kindness for the colored people, and rejoiced at the opportunities presented them for learning. He condescendingly called to a colored man to stand by him, and asked him to hold his hat; his motive for this proceeding did not appear.

Mr. Bradburn refuted all his arguments with great readinesss and success, and perfect politeness of manner.—The Rev. Doctor's flimsy arguments, and his obvious ignorance on the great subject of man's duty to his brother, laid him peculiarly open to those keen weapons of wit and satire, which Mr. Bradburn can use with so much power and skill; but he wisely forebore to take the offered advantage, and confined himself to cool and quiet argument.

All that occurred in the boat was eminently calculated to aid the cause of abolition. Many of the proprietors of the boat were at Nantucket; and as some of the islanders are bitterly opposed to principles of Christian liberty, and others ignorant of them, the needed excitement was, of course, produced by the news of our proceedings. But Nantucket, as you well know, is not without its leaven. The Spirit long since listed to blow there. And oh, what hearts were there open to receive its influence! How shall I speak of the Macys, the Barney's, the Austins, the Gardners? How shall I speak of their generous hospitality, their refinement, taste, intelligence, and, above all, their Christianity?

Temperance meetings were held at Nantucket at the same time abolitionists were lecturing; and we indulged the hope that, as they had the testimony of reformed drunkards to sustain their glorious cause, so we might have some repentant slaveholder, or powerful slave to testify "that which they themselves did know." The morning of the 12th instant fulfilled our hopes. One, recently from the house of bondage, spoke with great power. Flinty hearts were pierced, and cold ones melted by his eloquence. Our best pleaders for the slave held their breath for fear of interrupting him. Mr. Garrison said his speech would have done honor to Patrick Henry. It seemed almost miraculous how he had been prepared to tell his story with so much power. In the evening, which was to be the last meeting, he was again called forward, and listened to by a multitude with mingled emotions of admiration, pity, and horror.

The meetings in Nantucket are seldom prolonged beyond nine o'clock; but though it was near ten when he closed, no symptoms of fatigue were manifested. Then Garrison rose, and burst forth into a more eloquent strain than I have ever heard before. He eulogized, as he deserved, the fugitive who had just spoken, and anathematized the system that could crush to the earth such men. He spoke with indignation of the Free States being compelled to restore such fugitives to their cruel masters; and asked if even in our boasted Bunker Hill Monument the poor flying slave could be safe from the officers sent to seize him. Perish such a mocking monument to liberty! Where could this man find safety in these boasted Free States? He then appealed to the generous islanders, whether they would refuse the slaveholder footing on their shores, and give the fugitive from slavery a home with them.

To listen to such an assent as then was given—reiterated, loud, and unanimous, was indeed "worth years of common life!"

The next morning, all the party left Nantucket; many hoping that, in the brief space of their sojourn there, they had formed friendships with the worthy islanders that would endure beyond time.

Yours, for the Liberty wherewith Christ has made us free.

H. S.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1841.

REV. JONATHAN DAVIS.

Abolitionists are often reminded of the good old days, when all the South *admitted* slavery to be an evil—an institution not to be vindicated, but to be deeply deplored; and they say, "See what mischief you have done, by exasperating the slaveholders!—you cannot get them to make any such admissions *now*. By your provoking vituperations, Gov. McDuffie was driven to assert that slavery was "the corner stone of the Republic."

Oh, yes, those were easy times, when men could flog their sisters, and, at the same time, be praised for talking about it sentimentally. Plunder in the hand, and philanthropy on the lips, was a convenient arrangement. To sell one's own children, at an advanced price, by reason of the infusion of white blood, and then gull the benevolent by talking about it as "an evil entailed upon us by England," was doubtless a state of things highly agreeable to the slaveholder.

Had any one, *then* ventured to echo the tyrant's own conscience, and branded the foul system as a sin, how quickly would have vanished all his courteous concessions, all his bland expressions of regret!

At no time would the South have admitted slavery to be an evil, if called upon to remove that evil. Truth, however kindly spoken, if spoken in earnest, would have unmasked their hypocrisy, at any time. This, and this only, is the secret of our gift at "exasperation."

Beriah Green, who has said many excellent things, said his best on this subject. "Anti-slavery is Ithuriel's spear: it touched the toad, and it started up a Devil!"

We have been recently reminded of this by the visit of Mr. Davis, a Baptist Elder from Georgia, who boasts of being the master of thirty slaves. The Rev. gentleman delights in such large statements, has such a comfortable sense of self-consequence, and appears to be so little gifted with the faculty of adhering closely to the truth, that it is more than doubtful whether his wealth of human chattels would not, if inquired into, prove to be like the "thousand cats," diminished to "grandfather's cat and our cat." What must be the state of public sentiment, when a professed minister of the gospel *boasts* of holding slaves?

Though one of those who would not allow an abolitionist to speak on the subject at the South, under penalty of the halter and the stake, he has been traversing the North, endeavoring to sustain slavery by Hebrew and Christian precedent, as drawn from the Bible. The abolitionists gladly welcomed him to the discussion, and found him, like other champions of a false and wicked system, slippery and wily—evading points in dispute, and constantly appealing to prejudice and passion. Yet, if we believed his own evidence, and that of the pro-slavery press, we should conclude that he had utterly demolished abolition arguments, and conclusively proved slavery to be a divine institution, upon the authority of the Scriptures. And his eulogists aware that, so far as they are able to make people believe this, they undermine the influence of the Bible? An infidel speaker at Tammany Hall, after describing what slavery *was*, and stating that ministers defended it from the Bible, turned over the leaves contemptuocsly, and with a strong expression of scorn, inquired, "Will you *believe* in a book that sanctions a system like that?" Such is the legitimate and inevitable tendency of all efforts to sustain slavery by divine revelation.

Yet during this man's discussion with Beriah Green and Wm. Goodell, at Utica, every argument in favor of slavery as a Bible institution, was received with cheers. From a similar discussion with Mr. Colver, in Boston, the Statesman of that city informs us that "Mr. Davis retired amidst much applause from the audience, a great portion of them going out after him."

The Rev. slaveholder's account of himself is the most edifying. As a witty man once said of a vain one, "In seeing him, I experience something of the pleasure occasioned by a well united family—he and his self-love live so well together!" From one of his numerous self-laudatory letters, we extract the following sentences:

"I proceeded to Utica, on the Mohawk river, in company with brother Graves. There, too, I was invited to address the people, which I did at some three hours length. At the close of my address, as usual, the abolitionists again attacked me, and a debate ensued. There they pitted a Mr. Goodell, the editor of the 'Friend of Man,' against me, and the discussion commenced under the direction of a President, two Vice-Presidents, with two Secretaries. I was still quite unwell and feeble, but *God certainly did strengthen me during the hours of debate*. Mr. Goodell and myself had two turns each, when his friends thought it best to take him off the turf and bring on Dr. Green, the President of the Oneida Institute, the abolition college. I had heard much of him, and in that region of the country he was thought to be the ablest advocate for abolition that lived in the East or North; he gave me one strong pull, and I replied to him at length, and he retired and left the field in my hands, and I closed under the resounding applause of almost the entire audience, which was very large."

"I have now met all their able debaters and lecturers in New England and New-York, except one Gerrit Smith, of whom I have heard much, and been often referred to as a great debater. He was sent for to meet me, but did not come; whether it was for fear he would fare the fate of others, I cannot tell; but I know this, he did not come, and I am now on my way home, and leaving the hot-beds of abolition without having been once foiled. God be praised for sustaining me. *I give him all the glory*, for without him I am nothing."

A writer in the Free American accumulates proof to impeach Mr. Davis's veracity with regard to the meetings he held; this is not surprising—for he who tries to sustain a system of violence and wrong must do it by habitual falsehood. The same writer makes the following statement concerning the Rev. gentleman's honesty. The proofs are not in our own possession; but the story seems highly probable, and in good keeping with other points of character; for the simple reason that "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles:"

"What was his object in coming North? Let facts reply. *He came as agent of a company of slaveholders to buy goods!* A few planters in his neighborhood united to get up a combination store. Knowing that Georgia credit, without northern endorsement, was of little worth, and probably thinking their minister, under his clerical coat, could get the goods on credit, easier than a regular merchant, Mr. Davis was sent on for the purpose. A merchant in Georgia gave him an introduction to a wholesale dealer in Maiden-lane, New-York. But, too honest to connive at cheating his New-York correspondent, he despatched a *private* letter, beforehand, warning the New-York merchant not to trust Davis, for when pay day came no one would appear to be responsible for the goods. Mr. Davis found himself unable to get them in New-York. Whether he succeeded any better in Boston is worth inquiring into. My authority for this statement is J. P. Boyce, of Lynn, who derived it from *direct evidence* in New-York. So much for the matter of honesty."

The Faculty of Hamilton College greeted Elder Davis with distinguished attention, urged him to preach in their Chapel, and called the students together to hear him. They professed to receive him as "a servant of Jesus, who came to them a stranger from a distant land, in the name, and breathing the spirit, of his master."

A writer in the Friend of Man, with keen-edged satire inquires, "And was he not breathing the spirit of *his* master?"—L. M. C.

THE MORMONS.

We recently devoted a column to an account of this singular sect; and many of our readers may think it worse than useless to say more concerning a superstition apparently so puerile and absurd. But as one of the many signs of a decaying church, it is by no means unimportant. Moreover, the sect is rapidly increasing in wealth and numbers; particularly in the West, where the population are generally uncultivated, highly excitable, and easily impressed. The Free Trader, published in Ottawa, Illinois, states that in the course of ten days four hundred Mormons had passed through that place, on their way to the settlement in Hancock County. In one day were counted seventeen wagons, filled with men, women, and children, all going to join "The Latter Day Saints," as the Mormons call themselves. The emigrants were mostly from western New-York, and appeared respectable. Nauvoo, their principal town, is the Hebrew term for Beautiful. Around this central point, they are constantly gathering from almost every quarter. Hundreds of houses have been built within a few months; and the settlement is now said to number some ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants. The large Temple, which is now being erected there, is said to have considerable pretensions to beauty; among other things is mentioned a large, baptismal font, supported by twelve gilded oxen.

The first location of these singular people was in Kirtland, Ohio. On account of some difference about Banking operations, they separated, and a portion of them settled in Jackson County, Missouri. They were dreadfully persecuted, and at last forcibly expelled from that State. We found it difficult, at the time, to account for the fierce hostility evinced toward them; nor have we now any means of knowing how far their character and proceedings tended to excite it. The Western papers would make us believe that they were thieves, murderers, and incendiaries, of the worst description; that Joe Smith gets beastly drunk, and offers to perform such miracles as climbing a smooth hickory pole, bark off, sixty feet high, with his heels upward, &c. &c.

Upon the testimony of these papers, we stated, in a former article, than Smith professed to have a direct revelation from God to march in and take possession of a beautiful extent of prairie land, known as the Half-Breed Tract; that he had done so, and kept off agents and surveyors by force of arms. The Times and Seasons, a Mormon paper, published at Nauvoo, says:

"The entire statement, with the exception of the arrest of Joseph Smith, is a tissue of lies, got up by a malignant and depraved heart for the worst and most diabolical purposes, and when we read it we could not but blush for humanity.

"We pretend to no claim to any land, but what is according to the law and constitution of the United States.

"We ask no right, no privilege, no immunity, but what the constitution guarantees to all citizens, and we hold ourselves at all times amenable to the laws of the land for our conduct. This we call upon the most fastidious to deny."

☞ If we do not greatly mistake, this disputed Half-Breed Tract is the very territory which the slaveholders, for some time past, have been so anxious to add to Missouri—thereby running slavery still further beyond Mason and Dixon's Line, and ultimately increasing slave representation in Congress. If so, slavery may be at the bottom of the Mormon persecution, as it is of almost all other riots, and violations of law. ☜

Whether the Mormons have a legal title to the Half-Breed Reservation or not, they are rapidly selecting sites for farms; and their little cabins may be seen scattered beside the springs, which everywhere intersperse those beautifully undulating and flowery Parks of Nature.

Power over the human mind generally implies genius of some sort; but a clergyman acquainted with Martin Harris, and who very early received the particulars of the "Golden Bible" from him, informs us that "Joe Smith belonged to a shiftless family that led a vagrant life, and were principally known as money diggers. That Joe from a boy appeared dull and utterly destitute of genius; but his father claimed for him a sort of second sight, a power to look into the depths of the earth and discover where its precious treasures were hid. Consequently long before the idea of a golden bible entered ther minds, in their excursions for money digging, which I believe usually occurred in the night, Joe was generally their guide."

"According to Martin Harris, it was after one of these night excursions that Joe, while he lay upon his bed, had a remarkable dream. An angel of God seemed to approach him, clad in celestial splendor. This divine messenger assured him that he, Joseph Smith, was chosen of the Lord to be a prophet of the Most High God, and to bring to light hidden things, that would prove of unspeakable benefit to the world. He then disclosed to him the existence of this golden Bible, and the place where it was deposited—but at the same time told him that he must follow implicitly the divine directions, or he would draw upon him the wrath of heaven. This book, which was contained in a chest, or ark, and which consisted of metallic plates covered with characters embossed in gold, he must not presume to look into under three years. He must first go on a journey into Pennsylvania, and there among the mountains he would meet with a very lovely woman, belonging to a highly respectable and pious family, whom he was to take for his wife. As a proof that he was sent by Jehovah, as soon as he saw this designated person, he would be smitten with her beauty, and though he was a stranger to her, as she was far above him in the walks of life, she would at once be willing to marry him and go with him to the ends of the earth. After their marringe he was to return to his former home, and remain quietly there until the birth of his first child. When this child had completed his second year, he might then proceed to the hill beneath which the mysterious chest was deposited, and draw it thence, and publish the truths it contained to the world. Smith awoke from his dream, and according to Harris, started off towards Pennsylvania, not knowing to what point he should go. But the Lord directed him, and gained him favor in the eyes of just such a person as was described to him. He was married and had returned. His first child had been born, and was now about six months old. But Joe had not been altogether obedient to the heavenly vision. After his marriage and return from Pennsylvania, he became so awfully impressed with the high destiny that awaited him, that he communicated the secret to his father and family. The money-digging propensity of the old man operated so powerfully, that he insisted upon it that they should go and dig and see if the chest was there—not with any view to remove it till the appointed time, but merely to satisfy themselves. Accordingly they went forward in the stillness of the night, with spades and mattocks, to the spot where slumbered this sacred deposit. They had proceeded but a little while in the work of excavation, before the mysterious chest appeared; but lo! instantly it moved and glided along out of their sight. Directed, however, by the *clairvoyance* of Jo, they again penetrated to the spot where it stood and succeeded in gaining a partial view of its dimensions. Another divine communication was made to him authorising him to go alone by himself and bring the chest and deposite it secretly under the hearth of his dwelling, but by no means attempt to look into it. The reason assigned by the angel for this removal, was some report in relation to the place where this sacred book was deposited had gone forth, and there was danger of its being disturbed. According to Harris, Smith now scrupulously followed the divine directions. He was already in possession of the two transparent stones laid up with the golden Bible, by looking through which he was enabled to read the golden letters on the plates in the box. How he obtained these spectacles without opening the chest, Harris could not tell. But still he had them; and by means of them he could read all the book contained.—The book itself was not to be disclosed until Smith's child had attained a certain age. Then it might be published to the world. In the interim, Smith was to prepare the way for the conversion of the world to a new system of faith, by transcribing the characters from the plates and giving translations of the same. This was the substance of Martin Harris's communication

talic plates stereotyped or embossed with golden letters. At one time Harris was to be enriched by the solid gold of these plates, at another, they were to be religiously kept to convince the world of the revelation—and, then these plates could not be seen by any but three witnesses, whom the Lord should choose. How easy it would be, were there any such plates in existence to produce them, and show that Mormonism is not a "cunningly-devised fable." How far Harris was duped by this imposture, or how far he entered into it as a matter of speculation, I am unable to say. Several gentlemen in Palmyra, who saw and conversed with him frequently, think he was laboring under a sort of monomania, and that he thoroughly believed all that Jo Smith chose to tell him.—He was so much in earnest on the subject, that he immediately started off with some of the manuscripts that Smith furnished him, on a journey to New-York and Washington to consult some learned men to ascertain the nature of the language in which this record was engraven. He said he had no more doubt of Smith's divine commission than of the divine commission of the Apostles. The very fact that Smith was an obscure and illiterate man, showed that he must be acting under divine impulses. That he was willing to "take of the spoiling of his goods," to sustain Smith in carrying on this work of the Lord—and that he was determined that the book should be published, though it consumed all his worldly substance. It was in vain I endeavoured to expostulate. I was an unbeliever and could not see afar off. As for him, he must follow the light which God had given him. Whether at this time Smith had those colleagues that certainly afterwards moved, unseen, the wheels of this machinery I am unable to say. Even after Cowdery and Rigdon, were bending the whole force of their minds to the carrying out of this imposture, Joe Smith continued to be the ostensible prominent actor in the drama. The way that Smith made his transcripts and translations for Harris, was the following:—Although in the same room, a thick curtain or blanket was suspended between them, and Smith concealed behind the blanket, pretended to look down through his spectacles, or transparent stones, and would then write down or repeat what he saw, which, when repeated aloud, was written down by Harris, who sat on the other side of the blanket. Harris was told that it would arouse the most terrible divine displeasure, if he should attempt to draw near the sacred chest, or look at Smith while engaged in the work of decyphering the mysterious characters. This was Harris's own account of the matter to me. What other measures they afterwards took to transcribe or translate from these metallic plates, I cannot say, as I very soon after this removed to another field of labor, where I heard no more of this matter till I learned the BOOK OF MORMON was about being published."

The Anti-Mormon papers say that Smith has hit upon a very cunning expedient for increasing the respectability and numbers of his church. The doctrine is taught, that he, or any one to whom he imparts his mysterious influence, may bring a deceased person into the true church of the Latter Day Saints, by baptizing some living person in his name, and as his representative. For this purpose, two old soldiers, in the kindness of their hearts, have lately been baptized by a Mormon Elder, in Illinois, one by the name and in behalf of George Washington, and the other by the name and in behalf of Wm. H. Harrison.

Small Societies of this people are scattered all over the country; but next to Nauvoo, the principal settlement is at Kirtland; where has been erected a Temple, said to be of splendid appearance, and singular construction.

"The first floor is a place of worship, with four pulpits at each end; each pulpit calculated to hold three persons. These pulpits rise behind and above one another, and are designed for different grades of ministers according to the rank in office."—L. M. C.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 2.

DEAR FRIEND:

You think my praises of the Battery exaggerated; perhaps they are so; but there are three points on which I am crazy—music, moonlight, and the sea. There are other points, greatly differing from these, on which most American juries would be prone to convict me of insanity. You know a New-York judge, in his charge, defined insanity to be "a differing in opinion from the mass of mankind." By this rule, I am as mad as a March hare; though, as Andrew Fairservice said, "Why a hare should be more mad in March than at Michaelmas, is more than I ken."

I admit that Boston, in her extensive and airy Common, possesses a blessing unrivalled by any other city; but I am not the less disposed to be thankful for the circumscribed, but well shaded-limits of the Washington Parade Ground, and Union Park, with its nicely trimmed circle of hedge, its well-rolled gravel walks, and its velvet greensward, shaven as smooth as a Broadway beau. The exact order of its arrangement would be offensive in the country; and even here, the eye of taste would prefer variations, and undulation of outline; but trimness seems more in place in a city, than amid the graceful confusion of nature; and neatness has a charm in New-York, by reason of its exceeding rarity. St. John's Park, though not without pretensions to beauty, never strikes my eye agreeably, because it is shut up from the people; the key being kept by a few genteel families in the vicinity. You know I am an enemy to monopolies; wishing all Heaven's good gifts to man to be as free as the wind, and as universal as the sunshine.

I like the various small gardens in New-York, with their shaded alcoves of lattice-work, where one can eat an ice cream, shaded from the sun. You have none such in Boston; and they would probably be objected to, as open to the vulgar and the vicious. I do not walk through the world with such fear of soiling my garments. Let science, literature, music, flowers, all things that tend to cultivate the intellect, or humanize the heart, be open to "Tom, Dick, and Harry;" and thus, in process of time, they will become Mr. Thomas, Richard, and Henry. In all these things, the refined should think of what they can *impart*, not of what they can *receive*.

As for the vicious, they excite in me more of compassion than of dislike. The Great Searcher of Hearts alone knows whether I should not have been as they are, with the same neglected childhood, the same vicious examples, the same overpowering temptation of misery and want. If they will but pay to virtue the outward homage of decorum, God forbid that I should wish to exclude them from the healthful breeze, and the shaded promenade. Wretched enough are they in their utter degradation; nor is society so guiltless of their ruin, as to justify any of its members in unpitying hatred.

And this reminds me that in this vast emporium of poverty and crime, there are, *morally* speaking, some flowery nooks, and "sunny spots of greenery." I used to say, I knew not where were the ten righteous men to save the city; but I have found them now. Since then, The Washington Temperance Society has been organized, on the sure basis of the Law of Love. The blessing of the perishing, and of the merciful God, who cares for them, will rest upon it! A short time since, one of its members found an old acquaintance lying asleep in a dirty alley, scarcely covered with filthy rags, pinned and tied together. Being waked, the poor fellow exclaimed, in piteous tones, "Oh don't take me to the Police Office—Please don't take me there." "Oh, no," replied the missionary of mercy; "You shall have shoes to your feet, and a decent coat on your back, and be a Man again! We have better work for you to do, than to lie in prison. You will be a Temperance preacher, yet."

He was comfortably clothed, kindly encouraged, and employment procured for him at the printing office of the Temperance Organ, an excellent newspaper, published by the Washington Society. He now works steadily all day, and preaches temperance in the evening. Every week I hear of similar instances. Are not these men enough to save a city? This Society is one among several powerful agencies now at work, to teach society that it *makes its own criminals*, and then, at prodigious loss of time, money, and morals, punishes its own work.

Would that physical force were banished to the unholy region, whence it came, and that men would learn to trust more fully in the law of kindness. I think of this, every time I pass a dozing old woman, who, from time immemorial, has sat behind a fruit stall at the corner of St. Paul's church. Half the time she is asleep, and the wonder is that any fruit remains upon her board; but in this wicked city, very many of the boys deposit a cent, as they take an apple; for *they have not the heart to wrong one who trusts them.*

A sea-captain of my acquaintance lately returned from China, told me that the Americans and English were much more trusted by the natives, than their own countrymen; that the fact of belonging to those nations was generally considered good security in a bargain. I expressed surprise at this; not supposing the Yankees, or their ancestors, were peculiarly distinguished for generosity in trade. He replied, that they were more so in China, than at home; because, in the absence of adequate laws, and legal penalties, they had acquired the habit of *trusting in each others' honor and honesty*; and this formed a bond so sacred, that few were willing to break it. I saw deep significance in the fact.

Speaking of St. Paul's church, near the Astor House, reminds me of the fault so often found by foreigners with our light grey stone, as a material for Gothic edifices.—Though this church is not Gothic, I now understand why such buildings contrast disadvantageously with the dark colored cathedrals of Europe. St. Paul's has lately been covered with a cement of dark, reddish-brown sand; and its steeple now stands relieved against the sky, with a sombre grandeur, in admirable keeping with the massive proportions of Gothic architecture. Grey and slate color appropriately belong to lighter styles of building; applied to the Gothic, it becomes like tragic *thoughts* uttered in mirthful *tones*.

The disagreeables of New-York, I deliberately mean to keep out of sight, when I write to you. By contemplating beauty, the character becomes beautiful; and in this wearisome world I deem it a duty to speak genial words, and wear cheerful looks.

Yet, for once, I will depart from this rule, to speak of the dog-killers. Twelve or fifteen hundred of these animals have been killed this summer; in the hottest of the weather at the rate of three hundred a day. The safety of the city doubtless requires their expulsion; but the *manner* of it strikes me as exceedingly cruel and demoralizing. The poor creatures are knocked down on the pavement, and beat to death. Sometimes they are horribly maimed, and run howling and limping away. The company of dog-killers themselves are a frightful sight, with their bloody clubs, and spattered garments. I always run from the window when I hear them; for they seem to me like an embodyment of the French Revolution. Whether such brutal scenes do not prepare the minds of the young to take part in bloody riots and revolutions is a serious question. In Philadelphia, the dogs are killed privately.

You promised to take my letters as they happened to come—fanciful, gay, or serious. I am in autumnal mood to day, therefore forgive the sobriety of my strain.

Yours, truly,

L. M. C.

LYNCHING.

The following extract from the New-York Journal of Commerce would have surprised us in any Northern paper; but in one of professed religious character, it seems peculiarly out of place. The principle appears to be coolly laid down, that the citizens may enforce justice by violence, whenever it cannot be obtained though the courts. A necessary deduction from this, must be that the majority are to judge for themselves what *is* justice; and the temptation to do so, will of course be strongest when they are under the greatest excitement, and therefore least fit to decide.

According to this plan, Law, at the very time it was most needed, would be the most completely useless.—What constitutes the claim of Law upon our reverence? It is that it purports to be a principle deliberately announced by men, as in strict accordance with eternal principles of right and wrong; and is announced in moments of impartial calmness, as a safe appeal in times of excited passion. Thus reverently should laws be made; and thus reverently should they be obeyed.

LYNCHING.—Most of the editors cry murder! at the lynching of the Driscolls in Illinois; and yet we think it quite likely that they would have joined in the murder if they had been on the spot. When it is possible to enforce the laws through the courts, no other course should be resorted to on any consideration. But among the horse thieves of the frontiers, courts can do nothing.—If any man has the courage to prosecute the villains, they murder him without ceremony. Sheriffs, judges, and good citizens, when they enforce the laws, do it at the peril of their lives. Under such circumstances there is no protection in the laws; they cannot be enforced.—In Illinois, as in Vicksburgh, the most desperate villains ruled the country with terror. They committed what outrages they pleased, and dared the robbed and injured citizens to bring them to justice. There are, in fact, but two ways in which the case can be met. One is, to submit to the marauders; and the other is to give them their own play, and, by a general rising of the community, to settle the question and restore the reign of the laws. We here, in our quiet homes, protected by a well constituted society around us, have no conception of the alarm with which the horse thieves fill the frontier. And whatever we may say as good citizens, there are few of us who would not join in the effort to put down this reign of terror.

NEW ORLEANS.

It has been suggested, in some of the papers, that the "raw head and bloody bones" story about an insurrection in Louisiana, was got up merely to excuse severe policy toward the free colored people, and abuse of the abolitionists. Whether this accusation be true or not, they are making the most of the present excitement, to increase the hardships of the free colored people. How blind and deaf must those be, who do not understand the reason why colonization is popular in a slaveholding, and slavery-apologizing community! Savage hatred of the free negroes calls itself benevolence, and is believed.

The following is one among many specimens of the spirit that characterizes the Louisianian press:

"The insolence and insufferable audacity of the free negroes in this city must be crushed *now!* There is no time for delay—no need for parley. They have sinned, and do sin, and will sin, unawed by any thing municipal, unless the public mind is aroused, and the people wake up from their culpable slumber. Now all these things so complained of, and so fraught with danger to our social system, may easily be arrested if we commence in time Let our general council take this matter up—let our municipality councils look into and control it within their own confines, and we shall not have ladies insulted, and gentlemen knocked down in the streets, or crowded into the water from ferry boats, by a pack of dirty negro scoundrels, whom to hang without a week's notice were a benign act. But notwithstanding all these things, we allow them to assemble together at negro churches—to hear negro and abolitionist ministers—to while away and tamper with our servants, while the pocket and the life of the white citizen are not secure. We ask, then, why in the name of Heaven and humanity, these meetings are not put down? Next, why are not the laws against the residence of free negroes put in force? Are they so necessary to us, with their abolition friends, that we must needs have them? Whose duty is it to see that they are rooted out "according to law?" Let him do his duty, or be impeached. We call upon the community to be watchful—to resent, by the blow of death, if necessary, the slightest approach towards an insult on the part of a free negro. We call upon the justices, recorders, and judges of the courts, to go to the full extent of the law, in every case where a negro has struck a white man—to show no mercy—to extenuate nothing, but cut right and left with the double-edged sword of severe right. Unless something be done by the representatives of the people, as they sit in the council or on the bench, or plead before the bar, the public must needs arm itself and prepare to slay. Such a state of things we would not like to see, but we take the broad ground that *the free negroes must be driven out of this city, or slaughtered in it.*"

We find the following in a New Orleans paper:

AN ORDINANCE concerning Free People of Color, not entitled to remain in this State, and Tavern Keepers of of Public Houses, and other persons.

The General Council of the city of New Orleans ordain as follows:

ART. 1. That from and after the passage of this ordinance, any inn or tavern keeper, or other person keeping a public house, or house of entertainment, who shall harbor in his or her house, any free negro, griffe, mulatto, or other free person of color being in this State in contravention of the provisions of act of the Legislature, approved 16th March, 1830, and entitled "An act to prevent free persons of color from entering into this State, and for other purposes," shall pay a fine for each and every such offence of not less than twenty-five dollars, nor more than one hundred dollars, recoverable before any Court of competent jurisdiction; or in default of such payment, shall suffer an imprisonment of not more than thirty days.

ART. 2. Be it further ordained, That all persons whatever, employing in the capacity of servant or otherwise, any free negro, griffe, mulatto, or other free person of color, being in this State in contravention to the provisions of the above cited act, shall pay a fine of not less than twenty-five, nor more than fifty dollars; or in default of such payment, shall suffer an imprisonment of not more than ten days.

ART. 3. Be it further ordained, That all such free negroes, griffes, mulattoes, or other free persons of color, not natives of this State, shall be presumed, as already directed by the above cited act, to be in this State in contravention to said act, unless they furnish satisfactory evidence to the contrary.

Jacob Barker, a lawyer of considerable eminence, who went from the North to New Orleans, has evinced noble disinterestedness in being willing to plead the cause of the poor, whenever their claims seemed founded on justice. To republicans, this may not seem remarkably noble, or particularly worthy of praise; but in a community like that of New-Orleans, it requires a great degree of moral courage. Last week we noticed the following in a New Orleans paper:

"Jacob Barker appeared yesterday in Recorder Baldwin's court, accompanied by a huge stalwart negro, to swear to the freedom of a black who had been some time in prison. Mr. Barker ought to know that he is making himself very obnoxious to every citizen by this course of his. Does he suppose that he can come forward with impunity, and act as the counsel for every black vagabond who may land on our shores?"

This week we see it stated that a committee of citizens have waited on Mr. Barker, to give him notice to quit Louisiana, if he would avoid the summary process of Judge Lynch!

It is unsafe for a white man to show the least sympathy for a colored person, whatever wrongs he may see inflicted.

The following, from the Police Reports of the New Orleans Advertiser, is a sample of the system pursued there:

"Samuel S. Story, mate of the steamboat Lady of the Lake, was charged with interfering with the officers in their attempt to arrest a negro belonging to the boat; and also for using improper language, such as might suit Connecticut, but would not do in Louisiana. He was fined twenty-five dollars and costs, and he was very happy to escape by paying it, when his position was explained in its true light to him."

If the South does not burst her boilers by this high pressure, it will be extraordinary. They are pursuing the very course to excite insurrections.

Literary Items.

Cooper has published a new novel, in England, called the Deer Slayer. The principal character is said to be the old favorite, Leather-stocking, presented in his early life.

The seventh edition of Stephens's Central America has been hurried through the press. More than 7000 copies sold in one month. It will be remembered that Mr. Stephens was appointed *Charge d'Affaires* to Central America a year and a half ago, and departed in company with Mr. Catherwood, another celebrated traveller and painter. The materials for these highly popular volumes were obtained with great labor, and personal risk.

Dr. M. Castle, formerly of New-York, has produced quite a sensation on the subject of phrenology in Italy, He has delivered over three hundred lectures, and made more than two thousand examinations. In consequence of the strong opposition encountered, one of the largest works ever published on phrenology has been commenced at Milan, by Professor Molossi.

Charles Dickens, Alias, "Boz," has received the compliment of a public dinner in Edinburgh; Professor Wilson, the Christopher North, of Blackwood, in the chair.

The Committee appointed by the French Academy of Science to investigate Mr. Espy's Philosophy of Storms, have made a report highly favorable, and advise that he should be placed by the Government of the United States in a position to continue his important investigations, and to complete his theory. An octavo volume, entitled Espy's Philosophy of Storms has been recently published in Boston.

Samuel L. Gouveneur, Esq. is writing the Life of James Monroe, his father-in-law. The various public scenes with which he was connected, as Minister to Paris, and President of the United States, can scarcely fail to render it interesting.

Anti-Slavery Items.

SLAVE CASE IN PITTSBURGH.—A colored man, named Allen Ross, who had been a resident in Pittsburgh several years, and was much respected for his general deportment, was arrested lately, at the instance of Gannen C. McBee, of Knox county, Tenn., who claimed him as a fugitive slave. C. Darragh, and G. P. Hamilton, Esqrs. attorneys for the claimant; M. Hampton, H. H. Van Amringe, and R. Knox, Esqrs. for the defendant.

McBee was an ill-looking character, with muddy colored hair, rheumy gray eyes, and a glowing nose, strongly indicative of intemperance. He claimed the defendant, as executor, and one of the heirs of William McBee, deceased, whose slave it was alledged Ross was.

The counsel for Ross are said to have performed their task with great ability; the defence was closed by Mr. Hampton, whose wit and eloquent pathos, alternately convulsed the audience with laughter, and hushed them into stillness.

Mr. Darragh is said to have made the best of a bad cause. The decision of Judge Snowden was brief, and in favor of the defendant; upon the grounds that the claimant had failed, 1st, to prove that he was the executor, and 2d, that he was one of the heirs of Wm. McBee, deceased, and consequently he could not claim the respondent, either as executor or owner.

Regard for propriety and customary usage, could not repress the eager spirit of freedom; the moment the decision was announced, a loud, spontaneous burst of applause rang through the Court room.

No sooner was Ross made to comprehend the nature of the decision, than he fell upon his *knees* in the presence of the court, and in the most *fervent* manner ejaculated his thanksgivings to God for his deliverance from the hand of the oppressor.

Such scenes as these are doing a great anti-slavery work among the people.

The three lawyers for the slave were all *volunteers*,—Mr. Hampton, the principal counsel, was offered a handsome fee, by friends of the oppressed; but he refused to touch a cent. A correspondent in Pittsburgh, says of him—"He is a noble son of the Keystone State, and a glory to his Maker.

MOB IN PITTSBURGH.—Rev. Mr. Tassy's church, in St. Clair street, was recently attacked by about 150 persons, who. by all sorts of noises, interrupted a religious meeting being held there, hurled various missiles into the door, and beat in some of the windows.

The reason given for this assault was, they had been informed that an abolition lecturer was speaking there. The rallying cry was, "Steubenville!" The recent success of the mob in that place having excited the courage of neighboring rowdies.

STATE OF LOUISIANA VS. WILLIAM W. WILLIAMS.—This man, fined $12,000 for introducing convict slaves into Louisiana has appealed to the authorities of Virginia for protection and redress. It seems that he purchased of the State of Virginia certain slaves convicted of capital offences, and entered into a contract, with sureties in $27,000, to remove them beyond the bounds of the United States. His purpose was to remove them to Texas; and fearing the interference of British cruisers, he procured a coasting license, and carried them to Mobile, and thence to New Orleans. On his way to a steamboat there, he was arrested on a charge of importing convict slaves into the State, which is prohibited under heavy penalties. Mr. Williams made no attempt to sell any of the slaves; on the contrary, it was proved that he refused to do so, and stated that he was carrying them to Texas. He was, however, convicted, on the ground that the mere bringing such slaves into the State was a violation of the statute; and he is now in prison.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—A letter from Rio Janeiro, says, "It is doubtful if the coffee crop ever exceeds that of 1839, *as the slave trade may be considered finished*, and without an annual supply of labor, it is even doubtful if the present produce can be maintained."

IRISH ABOLITION.—We rejoice to hear that the abolitionists in Ireland are preparing an address to the Irishmen in America.

CAUTION TO CAPTAINS OF VESSELS.—The penalties for carrying away a slave are very severe in Virginia. As it may be of importance to masters of vessels from the north, we copy from the Herald the substance of the law which is as follows:

The master of any vessel or steamboat who shall carry out of the Commonwealth of Virginia in his vessel or steam boat, whether with or without his knowledge, a fugitive slave, is liable not only to imprisonment in the penitentiary as a felon, but to the owner of such slave, to double the value of the same and costs of suit; and also for a fine of five hundred dollars to any one who may give information of, or discover the slave on board. And the vessel or steamboat in which such slave is discovered, is liable to attachment and sale, for all penalties denounced against the master, no matter to whom she belongs.

SLAVERY IN WISCONSIN.—Some of the Western Counties of this Territory are chiefly settled by Southerners, who, in violation of law, have introduced their accursed system. Being north of Mason and Dixon's line, it is of course an infringement of the "Missouri Compromise." This compromise has already been broken by the extension of the western boundary of Missouri, and an attempt has likewise been made, within a few years, to enlarge her territory on the north, by extending her jurisdiction over the Half-Breed Tract.

JOURNAL OF CHRISTIANITY.—A sect called Disciples, lately published an organ under this name, at Jeffersonville, Ia. The editor says: "We have fully tested the practicability of sustaining a free paper in our church, and the result of the experiment is that it cannot be done. In order to procure patronage adequate to the support of a weekly or monthly paper, it must apologise for and defend the system of American Slavery as a 'patriarchal institution,' sanctioned and approved by the apostles."

CHARLES L. REMOND.—A letter from Elizabeth Pease, Darlington, England, says: "I am sorry Collins did not receive greater pecuniary assistance here; but it was quite impossible, after all the slanders which had been circulated to injure him and the Society he represented. C. L. Remond is now the only one of your tribe remaining among us. I believe he is now in Scotland. He has had to encounter the relentless spirit of persecution, which all must who openly avow allegiance to the old Society. His difficulties and trials have been many; but amidst all, he has ever displayed a meek and Christian spirit, yet manly and independent. I believe his labors have been very serviceable to the cause he so ably advocates."

NEW ANTI-SLAVERY WORK.

G. W. T. Mellen, of Boston, has published a work of 440 pages, called "Slavery, its Unconstitutionality."

It is an argument to prove that slavery is, in no way, sustained or sanctioned by any provision of the United States Constitution; and embraces an abstract of the proceedings of National and State Conventions on the subject. It is prepared with a good deal of ability and patient research; and abounds with facts that can scarcely fail to be useful and interesting to abolitionists and statesmen, whether they coincide with the author's opinions, or not. We propose to give extracts from it hereafter. A few copies are for sale at 143 Nassau street.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Congress.

The General Bankrupt Law has passed the House, and approved and signed by the President. Yeas 110, Nays 106. Only three Democratic votes in the affirmative; and but 24 Whigs against it. It takes effect from and after the 15th of February.

The Bill Repealing the Sub Treasury has passed the House; 134 to 87. Signed by the President.

Mr. Sergeant of Pa. moved that the House go into Committee and take up the *House* (not the Senate) bill to create a Fiscal Bank.

The motion prevailed. Mr. S. now moved that the whole bill be stricken out, and another inserted, identical with the former in most of its provisions, but differing in the following respects:

1. The Capital to be $21,000,000 (instead of thirty;)
2. To deal wholly in Exchanges; no Discounts;
3. The title to be 'Fiscal Corporation' (instead of Bank;)
4. To have Agencies in the States (instead of Branches.)

This is intended to obviate the constitutional objections of the President.

After debate, the new bill was ordered to be printed.

Foreign Items.

ENGLAND.

No news of great importance. The Queen's sympathies are said to go very openly with the displaced party.—Albert keeps aloof from politics, and is simply known as the Queen's husband.

They have been making a "Royal Progress," to the seats of various noblemen, after the Elizabethan fashion, and were received throughout their journey with great enthusiasm.

The English Tory Journals manifest fiery dissatisfaction with the decision of the Supreme Court of New-York, in the McLeod case.

Accounts from the manufacturing districts are unfavorable, and both in Yorkshire and Lancashire, business is quite stagnant. Advices from Scotland also represent matters as in a very depressed state.

A decided check has been given to progressive increase in the population of Ireland, and the average increase throughout the country between 1831 and 1841, will turn out to be only about five per cent. This is attributed to the new system of throwing many small farms into one, and turning out the poor people, many of whom die from want and disease,—*London Sun.*

THE EAST.

The Pacha of Egypt has submitted unreservedly to the dictates of the Great Powers and the Eastern Question is definitively settled.

The Greeks appear to have been worsted in nearly all their engagements with the Turks. Several of their chiefs had taken to flight, and others sought refuge in the mountains. The cruel excesses of the Turkish soldiers are represented as frightful—sparing neither age nor sex. The European Consuls had addressed complaints on the subject to Tahir Pasha, who replied that he had been unable to master the fury of his soldiers.

CHINA.

Numerous reinforcements are on their way to join the British troops at Canton. The emperor was inflamed to the highest pitch by the subjugation of that important city, and the destruction of his ships. In a recent edict, he says:

"I, the Emperor, now swear that both Powers shall not stand, one or the other must conquer or die."

"It is said he has issued several edicts threatening to exterminate all the Europeans in China, and then proceed to England and take possession of it by force."

Keshen, the former governor of the Kwang provinces, *with his whole family*, have been strangled, by order of the enraged Emperor; his temporary arrangement with Capt. Elliott, for purposes of trade, being stigmatized as "selling his country for money."

General Items.

Dreadful Calamity at Syracuse N. Y.—On the evening of Aug. 20th, fire broke out in an old building used as a carpenter's shop on the Oswego Canal. There was a general turn out, when the cry of, "Powder in the building!" caused many to make their escape. Others, who either did not hear it, or disregarded it, kept at work. The explosion came—shaking the whole village, like an earthquake, forcing open doors, and windows, and hurling piles of lumber to a great distance. The bodies of thirty citizens have been found mangled and burnt to death, and fifty wounded more or less severely.

Murder of Mary C. Rogers—Mr. Morse, the engraver, who was arrested at West Boylston, or Holden, Mass. on charge of being concerned in the murder at Hoboken, has been acquitted of that crime, having proved that he was that day and night in company with another girl, whom he had decoyed to Staten Island, for the purpose of seduction.

Dreadful Murder.—A woman in Louisville, Miss., the mother of eleven children, lately killed three of them by cutting off their heads with an axe. It was her design to kill two more, and hang herself. Her husband was a poor, hard-working man, and in a fit of temporary insanity, she thought it a duty to rid him of a portion of his burthen.

Violation of the Laws.—About sixty or seventy citizens of Illinoistown, the St. Louis Pennant says, recently collected together and proceeded to a ten-pin alley kept by a Mr. Mandeville, and, after a long chase, during which Mandeville was fired at several times, succeeded in arresting him and his partner, and, after deciding that they would not tar and feather them, put them on board the ferry boat and sent them to St. Louis. The crowd then returned to the ten-pin alley, which they tore up, and afterwards completely emptied the house.

Retribution.—Nicholas Biddle had his pocket picked in Philadelphia, on Tuesday, of $2000 and some valuable papers.—He has published in the Inquirer a long letter on Texas, giving a glowing description of the country, its resources, and the morals of its inhabitants. For some reason or other, this land appears to have become the El Dorado of his imagination.—*Philadelphia North American.*

"Gentlemen of Property and Standing."—Town, the Illinois bank robber, is said to be a native of Ohio, and his father is a Presbyterian clergyman. Ball, the robber of the State Bank of Arkansas, was one of the most prominent politicians in the Western part of the State. He was the regularly nominated candidate of the Democratic party for Judge of the Supreme Court, and was once or twice run for the United States Senate.

Horrible.—The infant child of a mulatto woman named Elizabeth Benny, in New Orleans, was actually killed by rats a fortnight since. It seems that the mother left the child in its cradle, locked the door, and went across the street to visit a neighbor. Not hearing the child cry, she supposed it was still asleep; but what was her horror on returning to find it dead. The rats had eaten the poor infant's throat entirely through, and stripped the flesh off the arms clear to the bone.

Liability for Non Punctuality.—A passenger in a steamboat a short time since brought a suit in St. Louis against the captain for not starting at the hour advertised, thereby creating a loss to him. The case went before a jury, who brought in a verdict of one hundred and ninety dollars damages.

☞ One of the crew of the William Brown, named Holmes, has been charged with murder, for having thrown overboard a man from the boat. David Paul Brown, Esq., has been employed as his counsel.

Another Victim.—A young man, named Charles Hobby, was last week found dead in a field in Northcastle, N.Y., near the residence of his father, Enos Hobby. He had been at work alone. When he left the house he took with him *three quarts of rum* in a jug, and when found by his brother he was quite dead, and but half a pint of liquor left!

Land in Virginia.—At a sale held last week in Philadelphia, one thousand acres of land in Wood County, Virginia, were sold at fifteen cents an acre, and one thousand acres in Lewis County, at six cents an acre, and one thousand acres in Ohio, at one cent an acre, and a tract of ten thousand acres in Powell's Valley, on the North side of Powell's River, and lying on both sides of the Kentucky road, at fifty-five dollars for the tract.

Cotton Crop in Mississippi.—They have had a drought, unprecedented in destruction, accompanied with intense heat of the sun, and, as a consequence, the cotton plant on all the poor lands is in a perishing condition, having shed nearly all its forms, blossoms, and bolls. It is said that they have never fallen to the same extent so early in the season, and very rarely so at any period.

Important Decision.—Judge Butler, of South Carolina, has decided that suspension, *per se*, is no cause of forfeiture of a Bank Charter. The importance of this may be judged from the fact, that the Legislature of South Carolina passed a law, at its last session, 1840, declaring all banks that did not pay specie forfeited. They did not pay specie. The question before the court was, whether there was a forfeiture of charter, and it decided *there was not.*

Texas.—President Lamar arrived at Galveston from Austin on the 18th; and it was believed an expedition would shortly be fitted out to operate in conjunction with the Yucatan forces against the Mexican commerce and ports.

More Defalcation.—Letters from New Orleans say, that the sudden death of one of the Tellers in the Canal Bank, had caused an investigation into his accounts, which, as far as the examination had proceeded, had disclosed a deficit of over $80,000.

Progress of Temperance.—More than 200 reformed drunkards have joined the Washington Total Abstinence Society in Salem, Mass. Between 700 and 800 have signed the total pledge in Hanover, N. H.—500 in Middletown, Conn.—4000 in Pittsburgh and Alleghany, Penn.—700 in Haverhill, Mass.

☞ The following paragraph is from the New York Herald. The word *slave* is as carefully avoided as it is in the Constitution of the United States.

An Abduction at Niagara Falls.—Our Buffalo correspondent, to-day, relates a story of the abduction of a female servant from a southern gentleman, who visited Niagara Falls, and stopped at the Cataract House. His statement we know to be a fact. We have seen the gentleman to whom the girl belonged, and he has confirmed every particular. He is from New Orleans.

Southern gentlemen who take their servants with them, should be careful where they lodge—and hotel keepers, who have colored persons for servants, should be careful of their inmates.

Murder.—The body of a German, by the name of Buhler, floated ashore at Coney Island. There were marks of violence, and the pockets had been cut out from his coat. It has since been ascertained that he had lately received a remittance of $2000 from his father, and was about to return home.

Death of a Missionary.—Rev. J. P. Alward, Presbyterian missionary to Cape Palmas, has died there, of fever. The whole party were attacked by it, but the others recovered.

President Tyler.—A meeting has been called in Washington, at the solicitation of more than 100 citizens, to express disapprobation of some insults offered the President, in consequence of the unpopularity of his veto.

Appointments by the President.—Washington Barrow, of *Mississippi*, Charge d'Affaires at Portugal; Ambrose Baber, of *Georgia*, Charge d'Affaires of Sardinia; John S. Pendleton, of *Virginia*, Charge d'Affaires to Chili; James S. Calhoun, of *Georgia*, Consul for the port of Havana. "Some variation *southward.*"

Bishop Reese.—It has been stated that an American, Roman Catholic bishop, at Detroit, was incarcerated in a dungeon at Rome. This is untrue. Bishop Reese is not an American. He resigned his bishopric about four years ago; and resides at Rome—not in a dungeon, but in the full enjoyment of his liberty, in the Convent of San Lorenzo.

A Native Diamond.—The first diamond ever found in the United States has been picked up by a laborer, on the Wabash in Indiana. It is about the size of a grain of corn, and has twenty-four convex, chrystalline faces. It is very brilliant, and cannot be scratched by file or grinestone.

Havana.—The yellow fever still rages in this city.

The Germ.—A little model steamboat, called the "Germ," has been sailing round New-York for a week past, which is constructed with wheels completely under water, and is propelled with as little agitation of the water, as an ordinary canal boat. It is thought that it can safely be used on canals.

Important from Florida.—Advices from Pilatka, received at Savannah, speak very encouragingly of the prospect of a speedy termination of the war in Florida. Fifteen Indians had gone to Tampa from Sam Jones's camp, and stated that he and one hundred and fifty warriors were near at hand, and many of them desired to surrender. Colonel Worth has sent strong inducements for them to come in, and it was thought the war would speedily terminate.

Colonization.—The receipts of this Society from the 20th of January last to the 11th July were $19,751; being an increase of more than $6000 upon the receipts of the same period in 1840.

One of the Amistad Captives Drowned.—Fourrie, one of the liberated captives was drowned at Farmington.—The Hartfort Courant states that he was an excellent swimmer, had swam across the Canal Basin, and was on his return, when he sank, and was not found until quite dead. The funeral was attended on Sunday afternoon by a large concourse. His poor countrymen walked at the head of the procession, and with great solemnity sang a Christian hymn at the grave. Very impressive religious services were performed by the Rev. Dr. Hawes.

Ticklish Situation.—There was an excitement at Niagara Falls last week in consequence of a man named Allen having been taken down the current and thrown into one of the Three Sister's Islands, in the rapids, with his boat. He was crossing from the Canada side; and made known his fate by kindling fires. After remaining near three days where no human being is known to have been before, the people succeeded by means of boats and ropes in rescuing him.

Important to Pigopolists.—Lamps fed with *lard* instead of oil, have been successfully introduced into Rochester. They give a clear light, entirely free from smoke, and can be fed at about one third the expense of oil. The light-house on the Canada side of Lake Erie is lighted by the same material.

India Cotton.—The first lot of cotton imported from Madras, under the experiments of Captain Baylies for the improvement of the Cotton cultivation in British India, was sold in London on the 24th June. It amounted to 100 bales grown from American and Bourbon seed, about one half each. The staple a little injured in ginning, and brought 8 1-8d per lb.

Forgery.—A. C. Farrington, late President of the Gallipolis Bank, Ohio, has been found guilty of forging bills of exchange, and sentenced to *fifteen years* hard labor in the Ohio State Prison.

Bankrupt Law.—It is stated in the Journal of Commerce that application will be made at the next session of Congress for the *repeal* of the law just passed, on the ground of the unconstitutionality of its provisions.—Should the appeal be unsuccessful, some merchants intend to test its constitutionality, at the earliest day, in the Supreme Court of the United States.

STEAMBOAT DISASTERS.

Further Particulars of the Loss of the Erie.—Young Beebe, the lad of 14, who was saved, behaved with great courage and presence of mind. He was advised, as the only mode of escape, to slide down the tiller chains. As he hung there, the fire poured over him in sheets, but he hung on by one hand, changing hands often, and throwing water over his burning clothes with the other. He was frightfully burned and bruised with falling timbers, but is likely to recover. He describes, as the most fearful part of the dreadful scene through which he passed, the shrieks of those who were vainly struggling to press themselves through the windows of the cabin, which was filled with fire and smoke.

Charles J. Lynde and Watts Lynde, lost in the destruction of the Erie, were sons of Hon. Tilly Lynde, of Homer, Cortland county, who many years ago represented the 6th Senatorial District in our State Legislature. They resided at Chicago, and had just visited their parents at Homer.

A gentleman who conversed with Mrs. Lynde, (the only lady saved from the Erie,) states that she was lying in her berth when the alarm was given. Her husband immediately ran to her assistance, inflated her life-preserver, which she carried by her, and cast her overboard. As soon as possible he leaped over after her, but she saw him no more. It is mentioned, as an evidence of the desperate struggles for life which were enacted in the water, that the life-preserver which is known to have been in possession of Mr. Lynde, when he leaped from the burning boat, was found on one of the persons picked up by the Clinton!

A gentleman and lady, from New York, went on board the Erie to return home; but, upon learning the name of the boat, refused to remain on board, as several accidents had before happened to her. Their baggage was consequently removed, and their lives saved.

The Missouri.—The splendid steamer Missouri was burnt at the wharf at St Louis. The fire originated in the blacksmith's shop, and was discovered barely in time for those on board to save themselves. A total wreck. Cost $45,000, only one fourth insured.

The Marion—The steamers Detroit and Marion ran against each other, near St. Louis. The latter had her boilers knocked down, steam pipes and timbers broken. Three men badly scalded; one it is thought cannot recover.

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 8th mo. (Aug.) 24.

For the Standard.—Mrs. Luther Parks, Boston, $2 00; Wm. Farwell and others, Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, $25 00; J. Woodford, Bloomfield, Ct. $2 00; Catharine Robinson, Poughkeepsie, $2 00; Daniel N. Haskell, Boston, $2 00; R. P. Smith, Weymouth, Mass. $1 00; T. B. Moses and others, Somersworth, N. H. $10 00; Lewis Ford and others, North Abington, Mass. $11 42; Edwin Wilbour, Commons, R

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE LADY AND THE SLAVE.

Suggested by seeing a beautiful young woman kneeling, with a little slave by her side, in the aisle of the Catholic Cathedral, at New Orleans.

I saw a graceful form incline,
In prayer before the Virgin's shrine;
The Lady of a southern clime,
In womanhood's ripe, sunny prime:
And close beside her, at her feet,
A little child; his dusky face
Told the sad story of his race.
And as these two my glances met,
My busy thoughts began to range,
Upon the difference, sad and strange,
That lay, on this side of the grave,
Between the Lady and the Slave.

Along life's path I saw her roam,
Esteemed abroad, beloved at home;
While Heaven upon her seemed to pour,
Its choicest gifts in endless shower.
But he, poor child, must hear the word,
The frequent word, of stern command,
The oath, the blow, from passion's hand,
The prison's dark and ready cord.
And, for a moment, I forgot
That each had an immortal lot—
That the same being died to save
The Lady and the wretched Slave.

Fixed, statue-like, she knelt in prayer,
"Breathless with adoration," there——
As if she caught of Heaven a glimpse,
And woke not from th' enraptured trance.
But though he knelt, the little child
Looked all around, with his large eyes,
In infant wonder and surprise,
And vacantly, at times, he smiled.
I thought upon his dreary morrow,
His years of coming toil and sorrow;
And sadness to my heart it gave,
To see that Lady and her Slave.

J. R.

From the Scottish Christian Herald.

THE THREE CHILDREN.

BY REV. J. A. MOULTREE.

I.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears—
That my child is wise and grave of heart, beyond his childish years.

I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is grace and serious air.
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
And loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency;
But that which others most admire, is the thought that fills his mind,
That food for grave, inquiring speech, he every where doth find.
Strange questions he doth ask me, when we together walk.
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports—doats not on bat and ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
He kneels him at his mother's knee—she teacheth him to pray;
And strange and sweet, and solemn, are the words which he will say.
O! should I my gentle child be spared to manhood's years, like me,
A holier and a wiser man, I pray that he may be;
And while I look into his eyes, and stroke his youthful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel were I to lose him now!

II.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be—
How silver sweet those tones of his, when prating on my knee.
I do not think his bright blue eye is like his brother's keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought, as his has ever been.
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling;
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folks who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy and bless my boy—he looks so mild and sweet.
A play fellow he is to all, and yet with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine, sent to gladden Home, the earth—
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove,
As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly love;
And if beside his grave, the tears our aching hearts must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him!

III.

I have a son, a third sweet son—his age I cannot tell—
For they reckon not by months and years where he has gone to dwell.
To us for fourteen anxious months his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul; the bliss that he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things that God will not reveal.
But I know—for God hath told me this—for he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be—on his Savior's loving breast.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and pain, but *his* is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles *their* souls from bliss may sever,
But if our poor faith fail not, *he* will be ours forever!
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be,
When we muse on that world's blessedness, and this world's misery,
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain—
O! we would rather lose the other two, than have him here again!

LOVE AND DESIRE.

One *loves* what he has; one *desires* what he has not;
Only the rich soul loves; only the poor one desires.

German Epigram.

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:

OR

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The day after old Juno had succeeded in rescuing Phebe from the immediate vengeance of Whitlaw, it happened, while he and his patron Colonel Dart were comfortably seated at breakfast, amicably discoursing upon the number of stripes that a female slave might safely receive without permanent injury to herself and her future progeny, they were startled by the sudden appearance of the old woman and her bamboo, standing under the flowery portico, within a foot of the window at which they sat.

"What the devil brings her here?" muttered the Colonel to his confidential clerk. But at the same instant he rose from his chair, and presenting her with a fresh buttered roll, delicately spread with fine honey—a morsel just prepared for his own eating—he addressed her coaxingly with, "Well now, good Juno, you know that you are always welcome, come when you will. What news stirring, Juno?—what news?"

This queer mixture of fraud, fun, and feeling, never enjoyed herself more than when she saw the savage, blood-thirsty Col. Dart fawning upon her, as gently as a lamb when bleating to its mother for food. She knew—for her comfort—that she had been his torment and his torture for the fifteen years he had possessed the estate; making him dream by night and meditate by day, on plots, poisonings, and assassinations without end.

"May the pretty spirits that are chirping round old Juno, keep the master of all from harm!" she replied, accepting the dainty morsel; and seating herself deliberately on the wooden pediment of the iron column which supported the roof of the portico, she began to eat it, without appearing to pay the least attention to the still standing colonel, or his confidential clerk, who had also arisen from his chair with considerable anxiety to hear what she had to say.

The more mysteriously impertinent old Juno was, the more submissive and tractable did the colonel invariably become; and when, having about half eaten her roll, she raised her eyes and her bamboo, and said, as if addressing some object above her head, "Coffee! Coffee! Coffee!" the zealous believer seized hastily on the silver biggen, exclaiming as he began to pour out the fragrant contents: "sugar and cream, Whitlaw! D——n your eyes, can't you give me the sugar and cream!"

"Voice of truth,
The heart of ruth
Deserves to hear
Distinct and clear,"

said Juno, solemnly and complacently, as she received her cup of coffee; and having drank it without any symptom of haste, and finished eating her roll with the same steady equanimity, she rose from her seat, and standing in her ordinary attitude, with her two hands crossed and resting on the top of her bamboo, she said: "Now, master of many slaves, and faithful servant of the powers of air, listen to Juno. Deep and terrible are the thoughts that are rolling at this moment through the souls of Louisiana slaves,—dark as their skin, and frightful as their chains. Juno knows all; and had you met her with a surley oath, as once in days of yore, when she came to show you that the bright fountain which rose and sparkled as if proud to meet your wants—when she came in the darkness of night to tell you that fountain was poisoned,—had you met her now as you did then, a dozen negro fists should be playing on your wind-pipe, ere Juno would have told you one word of the matter."

Colonel Dart turned pale, and Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw poured out a glass of rum and swallowed it.

"Ay, ay, young master," said Juno, with a smile that came direct from her heart, where her spirit was laughing merrily," that rum is cheering; but cane that gave it is watered, if the poet say true, with negro tears. What then?" she continued, pointing her wand toward the sky and appearing to aim it first at one and then at another of the airy beings she always appeared to have about her,—"what then? Power is power, and strength is strength; and the low must fall lower and the high must mount higher, before all is done. You are high, Colonel Dart,—you are very high, powerful, mighty, and greatly to be considered by slaves and freemen both. And you!" she continued wildly, fixing her eyes with a look of frenzy on Whitlaw, and then bursting forth into a croaking song,—

"You too are high, high!
But methinks I can spy,
That ere you die,
You will mount still and fly
'Twixt the earth and the sky,
'Till the welkin shall ring merrily, merrily!"

"What does she mean, Whitlaw?" said the Colonel in an accent that denoted both a puzzled state of mind and an anxious spirit.

"It's hard to say justly, colonel," answered his confidential clerk, "she's so unaccountable queer; but I guess," he continued, as the bumper of rum strengthened and cheered the pulsations of his heart,—"I guess that she means I shall come to riches and power before I die."

"I don't know," said the colonel, doubtingly; "I expect there's two——

"Whew! whew!" whistled the old woman shrilly through a hole that was pierced in her bamboo. "Hist, hist, hist!—here they come, here they come!

"Could you see them—and hear!
Now they're far—now they're near!
They have tidings to tell,
Newly whispered in Hell!
Ay! I hear what you say!
But I am but weak clay,
And must pause ere I dare
These dire horrors declare."

Her voice sunk as she pronounced the last words, and she appeared completely exhausted.

"Give her rum, Whitlaw!" cried the colonel, trembling too violently to do it himself. "Why the devil, sir, can't you give her a glass of rum?"

Whitlaw obeyed, and the old woman eagerly swallowed the cordial.

"It is well!" she cried, apparently reviving.—"That was a lucky thought; or Juno might have perished ere her noble master got his warning."

"What warning, Juno?" said the colonel, in very gentle accents, and evidently relieved at hearing his tormentor speak in tones of less immediate inspiration. Come in and sit down comfortably, Juno; O, in God's name tell me what you have got to say."

"In God's name, massa?—No, no, no, no,—not in God's name!—please, massa, not in God's name!—In the name of Juno's spirits,—in the name of the green birds that be visible, and the birds of golden light that be not—save only to old Juno;—in the name of these say, master—in the name of these, and Juno will tell you all!"

"In the name of what you will, woman—in the name of the devil, if it must be so,—only tell me what you know."

"The devil?" said Juno, shaking her head, while a strongly malicious smile twinkled unobserved in her eyes. "The devil is the prince of darkness; but dark or light, he is a prince, so 'tis fitting to speak of him with respect. 'Cause I was told in my youth that not even the great Washington could release us from his parliament. And so, massa," she added resuming her whining negro tone, "please to say in the name of Juno's spirits."

Whitlaw stamped (aside) with his feet; but the colonel deliberately uttered, "in the name of your spirits, Juno, tell me what you have heard respecting the Louisiana slaves.

As if propitiated by this obedience, the old woman began, without further grimace, to explain in good intelligible English the object of her visit.

"It matters little, master, and that you know by this time, where Juno gets her knowledge. How many a time have you gone to the right at my bidding, when if you had gone to the left, your life would have paid for the disobedience! And how often, at dead of night, have I brought you tidings of the death of a slave, who if he had lived four and twenty hours longer, would have laid low the head of him who is master of all! Is not this true, Colonel Dart? Is not this true, as the spirits of the air are true?"

"I should be ungrateful to deny it, good Juno," replied the docile coward: "And you won't deny, will you, that I have always been grateful for your watching over me? I do believe, Juno, that you have found the way of sending many a rogue out of this world, who if he had remained in it, would have done my business for me, one way or another."

"Ay, ay! it were best you did not doubt that, Colonel, though you are master of all," replied the old woman, with another comical twinkle of her eyes. "But listen! Time presses; and the present moment lost, the future will never restore it. There is at this hour at Orleans a dark and dreadful conspiracy, which if not smothered before it sees the light, will leave no white man alive within the state. I am no traitress, mark me! I would not have even you think that; though I know," continued the artful old woman, "that your generosity might find an excuse for it, if I were. But I am no traitress; no one has trusted me—at least no earthly one has trusted me; and therefore I betray none.—You, my master, must remain with your own: the taint has not yet reached them, and at the present moment you are safe. But this young man here whom you have made to understand your wants and wishes, this young master Whitlaw whose zeal is equal to your own, and who looks forward as all noble spirits should do, to obtain an exalted situation before he dies—let him go to New-Orleans. Spare not your purse, Colonel Dart, or your blood may flow instead of your dollars: let this young man set off to-morrow for New-Orleans. When arrived there, I will take care that it shall be given him to know what he is to do. Will you do this master on the strength of Juno's word?"

"What say you, Whitlaw?" said the Colonel, turning to him. "It is certainly no joke to hear of such goings on, so near, and yet to know so devilish little about it. Are you up to this, my boy? Say yes, and by G——d, I'll roll out as many dollars as you can spend."

The heart of Whitlaw beat high. The idea of a trip to New-Orleans, with plenty of money to spend, seemed to his imagination like a glimpse at paradise; but with his wonted discretion, he took care that no symptom of this feeling should appear on his countenance."

"I expect, Colonel," he replied readily, "that I shall be after doing whatever you wish in this matter; but it's no joke neither, I guess, to run one's head into such a wasp's nest as New-Orleans must be at this present, if all she says is true."

Juno watched his countenance keenly as she spoke; and her eye, long accustomed to read that index of men's thoughts, ever to be found in their faces by those who know how to look for it, detected his extreme satisfaction under the mask of indifference he tried to put on.

"Does your heart fail you, Master Whitlaw? if it does, say so; but do not pretend to doubt the word of Juno. There is no need for you to go to New-Orleans, Master Whitlaw—I will find another to do the work."

"No, no, good Juno," said the man promptly; "it is my duty to do whatever the Colonel wants done; and if New-Orleans was on fire from end to end, I'm the man that would walk through it at his bidding. So I'am ready to start, Colonel, to-morrow, or to-day either, if you like it better."

"You're the man for these times, Whitlaw, and none but you—that's a fact. I calculate that to-morrow will do, Juno? The Tecumseh goes down to-morrow, I know; and that's the steamer I support,—the captain keeps me in cigars. But you're sure he'll know what to do when he gets there, Juno?"

"Did Juno ever promise to give you a warning and fail? Tell me that, master."

"Never, my good friend,—never. Another glass of rum, Juno, and then be off—I've lots of letters to write."

Juno took the offered glass in silence; and then retreating by the window at which she had entered, and giving a sort of farewell wave with her wand, she disappeared.

For some minutes after her departure, the Colonel and his confidential clerk sat opposite to each other in silence; both desirous to escape making observation upon the extraordinary visit they had received. But the perseverance of Whitlaw beat the Colonel's patience, and he broke out with sundry contradictory exclamations.

"Cursed witch!—where the devil could she learn all this. But I never caught her out in tricking me yet.—I say, Whitlaw, we should be stumped considerable if we found out, after all, 'twas but a flam—hey?"

Whitlaw trembled, for his visit to that land of promise, New-Orleans, and all the glorious joys, the Colonel's dollars would procure him there. In answer, therefore, to this appeal, he shook his head, and said with much solemnity, "Colonel Dart, that woman is of no common breed—I have witnessed her power and her fore-knowledge before to-day. This expedition that she advises is not without peril; but peril must be stood to in time of need. You've behaved nobly by me; and let me be flogged like a nigger, if I show a white feather in the matter!—Let us take the witch at her word, Colonel, and do her bidding now, if we never do it again. God help me! but it makes one's blood run cold to hear her! How soon did she say we should all be murdered in our beds, if we neglected the warning?"

Whitlaw here touched the right string. "Hold your tongue, in the devil's name!" cried the Colonel pettishly, while a cold shiver ran through his limbs. "What's the use, Whitlaw, of sitting here croaking over her d——d news, when you've got to get your plunder together, and I've so many letters to write to them as I shall want you to question?—besides counting the dollars cut. The queer hag told me not to spare—and she's right there, too,—what's a bag of dollars compared to one's life?"

This was a sentiment in which Mr. Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw agreed most cordially; but it was with his usual prudence that he indicated this—only shrugging his shoulders, and again shaking his head very solemnly.

Notwithstanding his well-placed confidence in the liberality of the terified Colonel, Whitlaw thought that it would be extremely wrong to miss such an opportunity of getting a little ready cash from his very prosperous father; he had also some curiosity to hear a little gossip about Lotte from aunt Cli; so telling his patron that he had business with his father, which must be attended to before he set off, he took his leave of him, and mounting the horse kept for his use, proceeded immediately to Mount Etna.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The evidently increasing wealth of old Whitlaw was by no means overlooked by his careful son, who, notwithstanding the luxury and dignity in which he lived, as the acknowledged favorite of his patron, had lately thought it worth his while occasionally to pay his compliments at Mount Etna.—Neither was his childish attachment to his adoring Aunt Cli altogether worn out.

Whether it were that, strong as appearances seemed against it, our hero really had some slight mixture of vulgar human feelings at his heart, or that the effect was produced solely by the gratification which even poor Clio's simple admiration afforded his vanity, it is certain that he always did say, "Where's aunt Cli?" within five minutes after he had seated himself on the fine horse-hair sofa in his step-mother's keeping room. To Clio the arrival of her Jonathan Jefferson was like sunshine after long rain, a rain after long sunshine, or any other longed-for visitation.

The entire aspect of Mount Etna was changed since first the Whitlaw family unpacked themselves and their plunder before the door of the little mansion. By gradual and regularly increasing growth, this very moderate sized tenement was become a stately storing store, with a substantial house attached to it. There certainly was not any individual in the family at all aware of the fact, though fact it was, that poor Clio was in reality the mainspring of this prosperity. The niggers, that Mrs. Whitlaw brought with her as her marriage portion, certainly contributed to the rapid clearing of the ground; but it was Clio's unwearied hands that converted into prime bacon the herds of well-fattened hogs fed on the corn which grew there. If it was the imperious Whitlaw himself who contrived to make such capital ready money-bargains for Havana cigars at New-Orleans, that he could undersell all Natchez, it was Clio who took care that there should be no crumbling or crushing among them, till the very last of every successive batch was sold. It was Clio who roasted coffee better than ever coffee was roasted before, with which she supplied all the retail customers for many a mile round; for "Who would not walk a spell more, to have coffee done, fixed so slick as Clio's?" In a word, there was no part of Mr. Jonathan Whitlaw's extensive retail concern, which did not benefit by the watchful eye, the active hand, and the unwearied patient industry of Clio. In return she was lodged, fed and clothed; and what, as Mrs. Whitlaw observed, could any human want more?"

As Jonathan Jefferson approached the paternal dwelling, he perceived his Aunt Cli in the act of lugging out, with great difficulty, a vast tub of "prime chewing tobacco," from amidst many other heavy concerns piled up beside the door. Some men, under such circumstances, might have stepped forward to help her, and he could easily have done by one slight effort what it cost her many to achieve; but young Whitlaw reasoned differently. He was himself exceedingly well dressed, and had perfectly the air of a man of first-rate Natchez fashion; whereas, his Aunt Cli really looked as if she had been hard at work since sunrise; so he turned off, before her eyes, which were steadily fixed upon the chewing tobacco, had caught a glimpse of what they best loved to look upon, and skirting round a good sized garden that spread before the whole front of the house, excepting the always open store, he made good his entry through a covered porch to the north, which led into Mrs. Whitlaw's best parlor.

The lady was occupied there in clear-starching some of her own particularly favorite caps, and other finery; but the employment was redeemed from every appearance of degrading industry by the presence of two slaves. One of these, a young girl of fourteen, was endeavoring with all her heart and soul to content her lean and slippered liege lady by *clapping*, as it is technically called, a lace veil, the cleanness and beauty of which altogether depended, as Mrs. Whitlaw said, upon the force and rapidity with which "the nasty, lazy nigger slut" performed the operation; and "Quicker, harder, cant' you? You beastly, nigger idiot, you!" rang in the trembling girl's ears, as a prologue to the beating she knew she should get, if she did not immediately display considerable more skill and strength than she posssessed.

The other slave was a little girl of about eight, who while holding a basin of starch with nervous firmness between her two little hands, stood with her eyes anxiously fixed upon her sister, whose abortive efforts in the mystery of clear starching seemed so likely to bring her to sorrow and shame.

"My!—Jonathan Jefferson! is that you?" exclaimed the lady, changing her tone from scolding to coaxing; for, having no offspring of her own, Mrs. Whitlaw was exceedingly proud of her elegant step son; and as he by no means overwhelmed her with his company, she always welcomed him in the most flattering manner imaginable.

"Morning, mother," returned the young man. "Wher'es Aunt Cli?"

We have already seen that Jonathan Jefferson knew perfectly well where aunt Cli was; but the phrase was always understood to mean, "bring her in directly."

"Oh! for sure you shall see her in no time. Jerico bob! what a pretty waistcoat that is! why should not my Mr. Whitlaw wear something like that now? I must say, that considering I was an heiress, I do think Mr. Whitlaw should be a little more of a beau: don't you think so, Jonathan Jefferson?"

"Where's Aunt Cli?" reiterated our hero, without taking any notice either of the compliment or the question.

"Why cant you budge, you everlasting nigger, you, and fetch Miss Cli, instead of standing staring there, as if you had never seen a white man before?"

This was addressed to the younger of the two girls, who carefully setting down the basin she held, darted out of the room, as if right glad of the errand that dismissed her.

"Well now, Jonathan Jefferson, I hope you have got some news for me. I do live in the woods, I guess, if ever woman did. Is it true that Miss Mapleton is going to be married to Squire Dickson? Why, he is old enough to be her grandfather."

"Where's Aunt Cli?" was the only answer this civil attempt at conversation received.

"My!—Isn't a nigger a born fool, Jonathan Jefferson? Go, you black idiot, and tell your sister Venus she shall be flogged at sundown, for not sending Miss Cli here; and go into the store yourself, you black beetle, and tell her who's here: that will bring her fast enough, Jonathan Jefferson. Leave go the veil, you clumsy beast,—that must be done all over again; so there's three hours more clapping for your pretty white hands, Miss Lily." Here Mrs. Whitlaw laughed a little laugh peculiarly her own. "Mr. Whitlaw dined at the Eagle to-day, Jonathan Jefferson; but if they don't drink over common, he'll be back in a jiffy. There's fine junketings going on over to Steinmark's," continued the conversible lady. "Have you heard the news at Natchez?"

"What news?" said the young man sulkily.

"My!—then you have'nt heard it? Why, they do say that the chit of a girl, that does all the work of the house, cause as you well know, they wont afford themselves a single nigger, they do say she is going to be married to a Lord—ay, Jonathan Jefferson, you may stare, sure enough!—a cretur that I know has churned butter with her own hands, like a right-down born blackamoor; but Miss Cli says for certain it is so."

"Did the girl tell her so?" said our hero, coloring.

"I dont know exactly for that; but there have been people unaccountable in the store, who all declare, Miss Cli says, that they know it for certain truth."

"D——d lies for all that," said young Whitlaw. "Have they been sitting abroad upon cuckoo's rotten eggs, and so hatched a Lord?"

"Oh! as for having the Lord there, that's not the difficulty; for there he is, sure enough, a most unaccountable beauty of a man, for i've see'd him myself. But who'll go to believe, Jonathan Jefferson, that a girl what never had a nigger to wait upon her, but did slave's work herself, should be made a wife of by such a person as that? Believe it who will, I won't."

"And pray where did this Lord come from? It's rare one hears of any of the kind at New-Orleans; and it's likely, to be sure, that one should be found out in the woods at Reichland! Flam—cursed, lying flam!"

"That's just your cuteness, Jonathan Jefferson. I was desperately tickled myself at the notion; and now I hear you, I see straight through it at once."

At this moment, the good Clio entered; and though she had for some time past been schooled into the necessity of not hugging and kissing her darling, her affectionate heart nevertheless found means of showing how greatly she loved him.

"My boy! my darling boy!" she exclaimed as she burst into the room, with her hands clasped firmly together, as if to prevent their following their natural impulse to enclose his neck: "If he arn't more beautiful than ever! Why, Jonathan—why for arn't you President, already? Don't he look grand, sister Whitlaw?"

The youth condescended to smile at the raptures of his aunt, and even ventured to shake hands with her; a familiarity in which he rarely indulged since his residence at Paradise Plantation, except with very distinguished planters, and their white sons and daughters.

The unwonted kindness quite overset poor Clio; making her forget all the teaching she had received, and all her good resolutions to obey that sternest of of injunctions, never again to kiss her boy.

She caught the hand he extended between both her own, and covered it with kisses; sobbing out as she did so, "Forgive me, forgive me, my blessing, this one time!—only this one time! Did ever eyes behold such a beauty, hands and all?"

Don't be a fool, Aunt Cli," said the object of this tender love; "but step out for a spell with me into the garden: I want to talk to you."

"God bless your dear tongue for saying it, Jonathan! But the store, darling? 'Tis unaccountable the custom we gets, Jonathan, and it must be minded!"

"Then let's sit down just where father smokes, in full sight of it; and if the folks come, why you must go, that's a fact Aunt Cli.—Well, now," he continued, as soon as they had reached the smoking retreat of Whitlaw senior, which was situated in a corner of the garden that commanded a full view of the entrance to the store, as well as the approach to it,—"Well now, Aunt Cli, I want you to tell me what it is that foolish woman, that step-mother of mine, has got into her head, about Lotte Steinmark being married to a Lord. It's all stuff, isn't it, Aunt Cli?"

"I thought you had clean forgot Lotte altogether, my darling," said Clio in a tone of anxiety.

"Forget her! what do you mean? You dont fancy I care for the girl, do you? Not I, a copper, upon my soul. 'Twas only for the sake of hearing some of your country news that I asked."

"That's right, then, Jonathan, dear. Well, then, I'll tell you all about it. You remember the eldest son, don't you, Jonathan? You must remember Fritz? Well, you know he's been a good spell at Philadelphy, making, they do say, an unaccountable sight of money. Well, he made friends there with a Lord—a real Lord from over the sea; and so he brought him home to Reichland with him, and so he fell right down in love with Lotte——no wonder that, Jonathan, was it?——and so they are to be married right away; and the worst of all is, that pretty Lotte is to go away over the sea, and I shall never see her sweet face again."

"So then it's true, is it?"

"Yes, Jonathan, quite true; and I should be joyful at her being made so grand, if it was'at for the never seeing her again."

"I wish I had the settling them, one and all," said young Whitlaw, muttering through his teeth.

"What d'ye say, Jonathan, dear?" inquired Clio, innocently.

"No matter, Aunt Clio. What's this Lord like? have you seen him?"

"Yes, sure have I. They came, I don't know how many of them, and he along, to buy notions at our store; and one of the nigger girls told sister Whitlaw; and she comed herself into the store to have a look at him, and that's what she don't do twice in a year. Howsomever, she said she was paid that time anyhow; for she said the young Lord was a glory to look at."

"What everlasting stuff you do talk, Aunt Cli!" cried the young man, rising from his seat. "What do you know about Lords? Will he buy the gal a nigger, to slave it for her? Beggarly set, the whole of 'em! I would'nt give a levy a dozen for the best Lords they're likely to pick up! A likely story!—an over-sea Lord come to Louisiana, and choose a wife from a house where there is'nt a slave kept! I've no great faith in Lords from foreign parts; but I expect they arn't altogether so mean as that, neither."

"Well now, Jonathan, dear, I calculate you know better than I do about all things; so I dare say you are right, and we shall keep our pretty Lotte after all. What would I give, Jonathan, if you would make up your mind to marry her yourself!"

"How your head does run upon marrying! But that's always the way with old maids!"

A short pause succeeded, which was broken by Jonathan's saying,

"How's the cash-box, Aunt Cli? I must have some money, that's a fact. I'm going a journey to New Orleans, and I shall be stumped outright if father won't come down with a little of the ready."

"To be sure he will, my darling; but you know, Jonathan, tis he's got the money, and he's away to the Eagle. But art thee going to New-Orleans, Jonathan? My—! what a sight you will know by time you're as old as me!—And how many weeks will it be afore you set out?—not till the fever time's over, mind that, Jonathan."

"A fig for the fever, Aunt Cli!—business is business,—and I'm off for Orleans to-morrow. So send one of your black varmint to the Eagle, and tell the old one he's wanted."

"But, Jonathan, may be his dander will be up if we sends after him that fashion; and that's no way to get at the dollars. May be, darling, you'd best be going over to the Eagle yourself; and he'll be proud, I'm thinking, to see you among all the people, looking as grand, like as you do, my beauty: I guess he'll never have the heart to refuse you if you ask then."

Young Jonathan appeared to approve the suggestion, and customers approaching the store at the same moment, the aunt and nephew parted; she bustling up to perform her wonted duty, and he striding off by a short cut across the grounds to make an experiment upon his father's heart and purse.

He had just reached the limit of the Mount Etna land, and was in the act of stepping over the high zig-zag fence which surrounded it, when Lotte Steinmark, Henrich, and Baron Hochland, appeared in sight. They were approaching the spot where he stood, and a mixed feeling of curiosity and insolence induced him to remain there till they came up, instead of crossing the road in the direction in which he was going.

His intention at first was simply to give the party a "good stare;" but Lotte looked so very lovely, as she drew near, that almost involuntarily he walked up to them, and touching his hat said, "Good afternoon to you, Miss Lotte."

The young baron, from habitual good breeding, touched his in return; but Henrich, on whose arm his sister was leaning, hurried forward without taking any notice of the salutation. Lotte's beautiful color deepened and mounted to her temples; but she bowed, though very slightly, and without speaking, obeyed the impulse of her brother and walked on. Whitlaw stood immovable for several minutes watching their progress, and then exclaimed, in a sort of growling whisper, "Curses light upon them all!—if I could but live to be revenged for their infernal insolence, I would be content to die the hour after!"

A mocking bird, that was perched on a tree by the road-side, caught the cadence of the curse and repeated it. Whitlaw seized a stone and aimed at the bird, but it missed him. A passionate oath burst from his lips, as he pursued his way; but he smoothed his spirit by a silent vow to this effect—*that when he raised his hand to smite the Steinmark race, it should not be raised in vain.* He then proceeded in search of his father, and having found him, contrived by some of the means he had long successfully practised, to extract from him a portion of that hoarded wealth, the entire possession of which he looked forward to with equal confidence and impatience.

"Perhaps malignat Fate sat by and smiled."

But with this we have nothing to do at present: it is enough for us to know, that having concluded his business in a very satisfactory manner, Mr. Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw took a hasty leave of the ladies of the establishment, and mounting his horse, returned in excellent spirits to Paradise Plantation.

From the July No. of Blackwood's Magazine.

THE WORLD OF LONDON.

It is truly wonderful to see how life is sustained by a great amount of our over-crowded population. There stands a poor woman, her tray of oranges and apples supported against her limbs by a strap of leather passing over her shoulders; a rushlight flickers in the midst of her fruity store; at either side, sucking their little fingers to beguile the cold, are two half clad children, bending eager eyes on the passing crowd, as if imploring them to buy. The aspect of mother and children is that of creatures habituated to hunger, hardship, and grief. Near to these stands a blind old man, a frame-work hung before his breast, whence depend stay-laces, braces, pencil cases, and such trifling articles. His sightless orbs, as they roll to and fro in their sockets, are his advocates. He trusts implicitly to the honor and good feeling of his customers in his little transactions; for who would rob the blind? Further on, is a poor widow, whose means of livelihood is an inverted umbrella filled with penny prints. One glance will tell you she has seen better days; and her little merchandize, tastefully assorted, indicates no vulgar mind. On the step of a door sits a poor woman crying, a baby at her breast; when you inquire her grief, she extends in her hand a few boxes of Lucifer matches, and informs you she has been striving all day, and has sold nothing. The sallow-faced manufacturer from the country, who came up to London in the vain attempt to procure work, with his wife and children, are drawn up in the kennel silently imploring alms. A ragged soldier of the late Spanish legion, with a wooden leg, and pewter crosses of San Fernando, offers forty songs for a half penny. A little boy hardly able to crawl, screams fifty radishes a penny. Here, are stalls covered with pieces of stale flat fish; there murdered grimalkins are offered for sale, under the savoury *incognito* of mutton pies; in another place the skin of the animal, stripped from its back while yet alive, and made into a cap, is hawked about by the wife or daughter of the pieman. Meat, fish, flesh, and fowl, condemned by the proper authorities of the several markets, are here exposed in every state of putridity; and, what is more extraordinary, find abundance of consumers. Truly, if the spectator of these does not feel a lively sense of thankfulness to the Great Being who has vouchsafed to him abundance, we earnestly recommend him to turn Turk in default of a better religion.

* * * * *

We are at Charing Cross. We have left behind the regions of the great merchants, and of the shopocrats; and we now timidly adventure upon the courtly regions of the consumers and customers.—What a change! Here, pride seems to reign triumphant. Coroneted carriages abound; the butterflies of fashion are abroad; ostentatious wealth, and non-productive industry, rule the destinies of this extremity of our world. Anon, in the heart of a mighty thoroughfare, where every foot of ground is worth its weight in gold, we skirt a dead wall, a penitentiary doubtless, or a prison. No. The massive gate falls back upon its ponderous hinges, and while a gorgeous equipage rolls forth, reveals for an instant a spacious court yard, ornamented with statues and vases, a sumptuous palace occupying the back ground. We would look at the revealed splendors for a moment, but the portly Cerberus forbids; darting an indignat glance at the inquisitive stranger, he hastens to close the massive portals in our teeth.

Talk of the Grand Turk, forsooth, and his seraglio! Talk of the seclusion of a convent, or the impenetrability of the Faubourg St. Germain! An assault upon the privacy of any one of them is child's play, compared with the forlorn hope of penetrating the exclusive seclusion of the magnates of London fashionable life. The space occupied by some of the town palaces of our great nobility would, if let as building ground, afford more than the revenue of a German potentate. A slip of wharfage, cut off from the foot of the garden of one one of these, produces at this moment upwards of eight thousand pounds a year; and the garden alone would let for sixteen or eighteen thousand more.—Perhaps nothing can convey a better idea of the illimitable revenues of some of the great aristocracy, than the fact that they can afford, at this immense sacrifice, the indulgence of city parks around their city palaces.

From the Liberia Herald of April 26.

A NOVEL FIGHT.

On Tuesday last a young lad of this town, named Samuel Bell, was hunting in the woods near here, with two dogs. He had lost sight of them a few moments, when he heard their piteous cries and yells, as if in the greatest distress. Supposing a leopard had caught one of them, he advanced cautiously in the direction of the noise, and had gone but a few paces when he found himself within half a dozen yards of a huge boa constrictor, in whose vast folds both of his struggling dogs were enveloped. The snake at the same moment discovered him, and raising its head in a threatening manner, began slowly to recede with its prey. The lad instantly levelled his gun and fired, wounded the snake in the neck and head, but without causing him to relinquish his hold upon the dogs. The monster still faced his antagonist and kept its ground.

The young hunter, with admirable coolness and courage, re-loaded his piece and again fired full at the head of the boa; but even the second shot, though it took effect, did not finish the conflict, nor cause the release of the poor dogs which were still held fast in the snaky coil. Again the determined lad loaded and fired, and this time with entire success. The victory was complete, and the hunter boy bore off in triumph the monster he had so bravely conquered, and was followed home by the wounded and bleeding dogs he had so gallantly recued.

SWEDEN.

The Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway has published a very able pamphlet in favor of the abolition of Capital Punishment; showing that its tendency is to *increase* crime. He pleads strongly for kindness; demands that mother and child shall never be separated; that prison fare shall not be slow starvation; that the prisoner's earnings shall not all be swallowed up by the state; and above all, that the *discharged* victims shall be carefully encouraged by committees for procuring them employment. The whole is based on that Christian love, which seeks to *prevent* violations of law, rather than *punish* them.

WEATHER WISDOM.—The following are a few of the common or polular proverbial "saws" relative to the weather, viz:—"A rainbow in the morning gives warning." That is, if the wind be easterly; because it shows that the rain cloud is approaching the observer. "A rainbow at night gives delight." This adage may also be a good sign, provided the wind be westerly, as it shows that the rain clouds are passing away. "Evening red and next morning grey, are certain signs of a beautiful day." "When the glow worm lights her lamp, the air is always damp." "If the cock goes crowing to bed he'll certainly rise with a watery head." "When you see gossamer flying, be ye sure the air is drying." "When black snails cross your path, black clouds much moisture hath." "When the peacock loudly balls, soon we'll have both rain and squalls. "If the moon shows like a silver shield, be not afraid to reap your field. But if she rises haloed round, soon we'll tread on deluged ground!" "When rooks fly sporting high in air, it shows that windy storms are near! If at sun rising or setting the clouds appear of a lurid red color, extending nearly to the zenith, it is a sure sign of storms and gales of wind. The above are a few of the common sayings mostly used by country people, many of which are even more to be depended upon than are the bold predictions of would-be weather prophets.

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